



1 Swee Flo

Ode

Written 09/03/2018 & Recorded 07/13/19

Japanese Spring Drum 01/Analog Drum Machine 25

Notorious B.I.G. "Mo Money Mo Problems"/Noname "Blaxploitation"/

Kanye West "New Slaves"/Nicki Minaj "Anaconda"/Nelly "#1"/

The Roots "100% Dundee"/The Bug "Blaow"/Outkast "Where Are My Panties?"/

Busta Rhymes "Woo Hah!! Got You All In Check"

Instead of writing this raw, try to follow, I'll flow my flaws/I have no
pace, no place in the prosody or rage/verbiage of glory, descript in flame/
space and lace and alchemical flurry/start with love and tame the story/leave
their references behind/the speed, the stream, the fade n bury/the mass
hysteria in their heads/mix the potions n indulge the commotions/to bounce
the brain's refrain to jamrockshockROAR n bark!/n really feely ooky kooky
twins of another space n race/Sinatra was snorey/still moves u along to boo
you and bore ya/without dollas and mo' money problems/trace the tale back to
befo you all burned n lost the flaws n space n pace n glory/leaving it all to
ridicule/maniacal n unnerving/blowing the brain of massive noname/in the move
from theirs to mine/refrain to sine/shine and getalong to tagalog/she
swallowed n gave way to deeper throat n more amerigo-ed tomorrows/so when
their speak is none yours/spin the tribal quantum whores/vibe the posi-flow n
transcend as you told her so/cuz they arts is scuzzy farts n gassy ploys
where the flow-bys integrate to nominate the fools pretending hardest by
making noise-hoes n fabrication-foes/of the opposites who pay they to engage
and tame the rage investing in planned mannequinification/a word you became
and a new slave that made ya/ouch! it does hurt to heart the truth/to bear
your nipples n reptile that native cooch/"MY ANACONDA DON'T"/that without the
nigga-spic and do-rag witches/we'd be nothing, am nothing, do you even know
from where i roll bitches?/a land long forgotten in the garden of gusty dust
n woodenpined rollas, spoilers:/this ain't no enchantment, no city, it's war,
war to be included war to be deluded n dominated by those who pay your role/
your feels your flows to their skintones atone/n abhor! let out your braids n
cornrows/let it go, come back to where we all belong to where water is gold n
tears aren't sold/times there's nothing more to say/singular deepened n
enslaved/when the heart defeats your toiled foils n arbitrary trains/choo
toot! reynolds and microwave/no need to loot when it's all in store n ignored
by the hate/NUMBERS/fete galante/a la vey!/it's a sick game we play but the
blues will kill ya/as the song of love escape n Bey penetrates itself to ya/
for some of us spoiled talent ended a destiny chosen for ya/but we know our
place our fate n our race for America'd today is a palette of grandeur/as the
poets for BETA-or-worse have got ya/like the rain n snakes n spats on playas/
the #1 game sung better than drained/of its spark its hypnotic its "uhm uhm
uhm ...uhm"/the roots run deeper and flow higher than brownthought's tum tum
tum ...tum/butshe got the hearttthe soul the spirit and the chorus to cum/as
the song is always written forus andher butshe be free/and not with boo and
not with me hahaha/but the love of a young girl the twisty do, the twirly dee
HA HA justbe/but its easy to run the rhyme along the street to dance your
feet and shuffle your sheep/to the ones who move on ya to spoil their foiled
soulyas and burn ya toesyahhhh/but enough with da device their spirit and
your vice/for the poets who beat you were white and gave hop its oft-hipped
hype of bills and thrills and ooooooh shake it like a popo!/i got the chills
at how icecooold you look downyon the ones who once raped you and stayed/and
the babies who spate pretentious sim-u-la-cray|as baudrillard just slayed and

ate ya/and spoiled the prey the plan the future da play/and the lost art of
rolls for flows and tears for YO's/and all the brothers and sisters who hate
to atone alone yet deregulate gradients to bury a story of true love's glory
and the sweegirl that might just make YA

2 Natty Essence

AtouraWar

Written 09/07/2018 & Recorded 03/22/19

Japanese Spring Drum 02/Pop Pride Beat

The last thought was a rhyme, a language spoken to a fly/as I swept through
its home and it through my eye/all I wanted was to feel the breeze, but those
damn tree fleas, ignore me please/else be warned, as you bzzzz around from
out those trees, and into my reach/i may squish the guts the life out, as
well as your poo and pleas/

But let's not get silly about how I see this world, on a walk, with the wind
or as the bringer of flow/let me get real about the tones through which you
don't know, won't go and chop up in cultural mow/down Ho!/

USA as it was meant to be, home of the land for free/that's word redundancy/I
slug 'em bitches who only think about "me", who lines are lame, personal
treachery/who divide a culture and pretend a battle, wage on the carcasses as
they fight vulture waddles/

For this message is always about fight-back, not fighting who, not raging
onstage or attacking those who framed/your medium, you fold and call them
old, leather is fit to slap your ass and fuck you tamed/

But harder I go the more be like you/softer I plea the more I shed light of
view/that from the dark and true/black race 'round the track and back/to the
same hierarchy of need n feed your own metallic green ingenue/

Of repetitive threads and wet beds for your nightmares to trend/so sink in
the deep end/for you ain't got enough soul to swim with the sharks/smell you
for miles, stay shallow stay sharp/spark to forget your barking narcs/

Pussy ass bitches with no future to hold/green to throw, panties to fold, get
your pussy ass kids a hoe/not a switch a gat or a benz of gold/bendz 'em over
ya knee n spank 'em back into infinity/where slaves ain't got names, braids
or masquerades/where animals are untamed and play by their own games/

As rules detract from the senses the presence/the elaboration of methods and
trees through which flies those irritating motherfuckin' fleas/you never get
my reference, my message, my essence/

I'm reality above and below all you all/swallow you whole/regurgitate your
know/then spit it back in yo face and drop you like fall/OHHHHHH!/Lick some
leave-off else you die with the rest of this race/yaaaas is what she says/
yikes died with kikes at a natural pace/

As expletive-tattered shreds of sound from a mouth that swallows my puke/
rebukes and wallows/and fades away as amateurs who only fake their play and
jumped ship to get away/screaming "give me more! I'm your whore!"/this place
be full of familiar ROAR and megafaunal bore/YAWN/get that aboriginal
detour?/nah, we was all forced into this tour of war/

idk, some of that's kinda hardcore x3/atourawar x3

3 If It Be Diseasaster

Diseased Sisters Drank Miller

Written 09/08/18 & Recorded 05/15/19

Hip Hop Remember Beat 03/Japanese Spring Drum 03

Metallica "Master of Puppets"

I have no respect for the dead because they're deeds/I have respect for the life they led, the head they spread, the voice they feed/if that voice was their own and owned/if they words used were blown and sold/die with grace but die much the same/for life has never been that kinda game/

rap, evolution or because a heart's in pain/just cuz you see it don't make it for real/just cuz you feel it don't seal the deal/for whining about who you are, who we are, thinking you bright as a star/is just plain naive, conceive a different view and much more love/for those around you below you and who master your above/who find they truth, they spirit and they soul/forget the ones who crack pipes and bowls/of cristal and goblets of pastels/poppin' pink purple green and aquamarine/for this disney life has never been a cali dream/a build-your own-steam and let the engine run ya right ya/as you follow the tracks through their veins and in spite of the cracks/

last night was death, tomorrow a funeral/today is deep breaths, tonight'll burn y'all/coronal injections defeating heroine projections/mol E be free and let the ganja inhale me/go the natty route and forget subliminal intervention/for it CAN rain all the time and positive vibes be blind retention/if the words you use are used by them/by the corpos who take the trees and leave you trim/kill yourself and be merry/for da party life is a scary hairy fairy who eats the berries and bears another hairless virgin mary/a fantasy too fragile to birth or bury/the lies they share, e-mail be wary when it's all forever in query/

and miller time is drank and fear and ignorant peers/at what we pretend don't scare tears for fear/for the color, the tongue and name do frame/hands up!/"i swear officer, it's pretend, it's just a game"/please don't shoot me beat me or maim/the beautiful vision that is my america/MURICA/defeat their denials and foster esoterica/that each of us is a culture, a meaning, a puncture/of cells tainting the ecological infrastructure/mine brown and orange and mauve and ester/a different kind of fat is our ideal fester/our fight or conflict our need to be faster/to ride on top, roll throughout, and ignore fucking social diseasaster!/

diseased sisters bow to your masterxinfinity

4 Grimy Crimes

Written 09/11/18 & Recorded 03/22/19

Japanese Spring Drum 04/Jacaranda Singers 06

woke up to a fracas and fray/one other face, covered in they spray/debris,
repeat, tears conceit over airplay/years when Apples were eaten,
gravitationally-afloat/not hypnotized MacMotions and McRapey insults/we wiped
our faces clean, lounged and lapped up the maneuvers/had we just been
attacked, assaulted by Muslims flying '67ers?/was the only possibility as the
ticker ran quickly/the world has changed, no safety, no land of the free/but
they had wanted this from the start/a 20th century device leaving a last
imbecilic mark/for Wars and Ends and polio too/with suave assassinus who
changed our views/and built us Booooooms iron curtains and fallen walls to
choose/then the images got graphic got real "Got Cool?"/young people choosing
to fall-jump an accrue/cruel victims, as the other revealed a clue/"it was
us, not them, now we're all screwed"/WE knew but WE didn't/a stuck generation
on queue/'kill yo... selfish, get it now before the others do'/this ended
their creep, their crawl, inciting arms to call/yelling our expression our
reality our truth/we was HiJacked by the ELITES, not the religious and brown
crew/the details were deep and researched as trade-tall/as grandiose as a
holy war fought since the dawn of it all/for a family tied to Nazis and
monies despised/intimately holding hands with those in disguise?/disgust at
the dots connected through lines/lies infotainment too easy to find/when...
godhead is cokehead is a drunken buffoon/daddy's little girls can't escape
the typhoon/as katrina saw to familiar control/the weather of chaos be true
and extol/reveal their detention torture da fools/a legacy in pity a demise
of old tools/race relations changing fast-forward rewind/we never left
revolutionary sprit behind/as we watched 100-floor, NO, aerial nosedives/no
parachutes no base jump no sky-jive-alive/just humans declined x3/questions
of altruism and heroism denied/of fear and privacy and "will PNAC be
fryin'"/JUST DYIN'! x3/if I can't change their nature and fucked up
timeLIES/even Texans don't answer for their sick grimy crimes x3

5 **BBoY MACROATTACK, K.D.**

He Move In Surgical Maneuvas

Written 09/14/18 & Recorded 05/18/19

Lotus Percussion 01/Club Dance Beat 167

searching scrambling looking for a way in/
we was all n'gus negroes NIGGERS, and niggas before hot roof caved tin/

using bombers of white/a numbaterm lost in night fright/
the blacks who fight rise up in light/

but we's all just chaomp history/prenatal mystery, an epigenetic change/
a place where the middle color stayed the middle shade/

waiting their turn waiting to take rage/was a reason we took 'em before shame
showed slaves/
show yourselves! screamed in waves/the "please help us!" brigade/

skins reflecting cElled delights of anti-gods in golden sight/
to take from those exclaiming need/was you in da not-so-distant newsfeed???

cry baby! in tatters, lives mattered!
but it all polarized greed/

oooh that no-color again, no colors to spread seed/
for the types are mixed, the sistas be fixed and we just inhaling 7cansakilla
weed/

raise the dark flag, faded before you's Black/
absent attack/resplendent jewels cum/reject n negate shuckLAK-a-cluck fun/

yella fethas be wear, of we who shave our hair
leadless chickens be snacks/standing with the anti-rulers so powerless --
ATTACK!/
floating decapitated above a circadian tussle/we big manimals in da beastly
home call'd hustle/
deceptive lazy 1's all strength n muscle/no flavor, corpuscle all move n
bustle/

no je ne sais quoi flair/credit out on novelty
on temporary, on the "He neva be there"/

but daddy's gone to work today/leaving mama's fairplay/
diversity paid/gnostics pray/we little shaved brains make it away/from the
school you call "Heeeeeeyyyyy!"

one game at a time, one time at a game/pretending THEY NOT US, we all the
fucking same/
spics mestizos beaners wetbacks/before hottentot, kallikaks n shuckLAKs be
HACKED!/
we lacked the tools n force/but we wasn't smacked/

being the middle shade that shade who stay whack/by building lo-jack no-
stacks post-radio-shack/

absent dadsnmoms who stayed back/rise n fall
before ALL ya all/even stroked your first sack/

recessed alleles kill-stealing you owned/you did it too/motherfuckas!be
pwned/
lupus-b-weary the chronic HOOOOWWWL ON/

inflamed reactions pierced inda zone/hot hand, a nigga on fire lit TRUE/
for we was all like you, are U, he who are The Truth/

could be a grandiose spoof/a simple story bemused/reaping as slim, in stature
or proof/
rich poor/lorn and adored/the myth and the novel this can't be our move/

as NIGGER-WETBACKS and the nameless ignored/be warned:
microaggressions & MACROATTACKS!/but we still besplintering down-doors/

not wooden floors of self-reflecting flyknit foot sores/not the peaceful
agent, the vain warrior, the spider-thread stores/
we all be motherfukin' silky-deadheads/BORES if we ain't caregive-n-share
WHORES/

so its time to destroy the shak-a-shuckLAK/those white peachbaskets n pseudo-
laugh tracks/
built to ignore slit-throats who snore/only yell at ur back n maneuvra some
morexinfinity

6 The Archetype Manifold

Takin' Da Trash Out

Recorded 04/28/19

Japanese Spring Drum 07/Indian Dholak Drum 08

Lots to say/I got this fold, this deconstructive manifold/has its own words to spew/relish the view and chew through endless coo-coo-ca-choo/heard it all before, ASIF I'm that old/but respect be devotion to a game untold/replayed/same refrains n entitles paid n framed/frameworks to stop the hypnotions/assaults on the effervescent saluted motions/DEMOTIONS/necessary to press the weary and blow up they motherfuckin' mold/lovin the "FUCK" ain't no sin/it's the beginning of how we get in/and fade the past into what we live as now/somehow.../i got the path to guide the fray away/to make the play and run da game/to do it in frame and transcend the targets in they eyes/no compromise, only some Americans fried/like the failed whiteys from the last/not darkened negroes cultivating grass/nor mestizos wearing words thickened thins/asians who none exist without within/don't think this woke is fresh to ya Jung/don't think these bills stroked just for fun/the anger you feel/the hatred you steal/the lies you told/it's all a DUH archetype manifold/the resold and stole from the pockets of poor enlightened souls/not willing to say "yes" or give in whole/our sums our parts deeper than gestalt/SEE don't look, or Get the fuck Out!/with your half-spins and mystical tricks, verbiage in tow/it's an epic fail of MEMETic flow/mindless numbed addicteda Death Row/Suge, lay in place n watch us go!/?what's the level you playing at/?what info you docking n trying to bat/?what's this Cute Little Language you playin' with/?why such discourse antinomous to what you all miss?/ME is out and rolling the ride/selfish hatred in deceptive hide/the woke, the flow, the now is then/when no screen costumed nous as phren/if you gotta feel visualization/capitalize maximize da semaphore plasmic vibrations/the shorter the feed da quicker da steal/one more question/can you heal what I feel?/the only answer today is idc, idgaf and mayBEY/Homeric topology as skin-fleshed entropy/an oriental derogation wasn't forgotten/it was embedded in the well-trodden, ones who done doin' ur alien spottin'/crash n burn, fall up and drown/rain all night in space/ERASED/blacknoise n brownsound/we was deleted by the absence of existence/for even if they nicer and soulful and street-smart-common-sense/we was silent and hopeful/revolutionaries commenced!/didn't take long to know we acute prey/growing in numbers devouring playalong da way/la raza se levanta!/aqui ahora, hoy/y "NOW"/keep your head up, never kneel or bow/use "what?" then HOW/repito "TODAY"/stand up when you pray/hail to no THEY/la basura desaparece/don't take your bite n run to play/meticulate AND desecrate/DUH aftermath/on which they stay/DUH aftermathx2/on which they stand'i'splay/i too got thangs to arc-U/too got thangs to articulate and say

7 Leaving The Marks of the Diamonds Behind

Citizen Justice, Brett I Fret

Recorded 05/25/19

Remix Simple Hats/2-Step Thump Beat 19

Jordy Lemoine "Dur Dur D'être un Bébé"/Blondie "One Way Or Another"

Citizen justice, don't call me chief/court the lean, live the dream/don't smoke my keef, don't sip the Kava...NAH! queef/another psychotic race defeat/where culture n gender ain't supreme/NO/where another wall be stacked all green n neat/who fuckin' says that anymore/fuckin "neat"?/I beat the trick or treat who spend his time refraining from the replete complete/that elated trigger happy feeling unearthed from the peet/hunting n searching for the valiant retreat/cowboys n indians smolder west of the past/eastside sunshine archaic half-mast/for politicos are folded, no street n all pleats/can you see robed runs traveling down to they feet?/But fuck it, this all happened cuz of Her voice/that baby mumble, treble and fear-stumbled choice/like aForded nazis abjecting to racist contempt/our Good helpless doctor a victim god-sent.../in a room full of WASPS there's no margin for error/woman be... a woman be tough be witty, not skiddy n frail/why bother listening to a common mistrail?/it happens to most, all accept it as true/the vague memory its drunken induced due/this america in rich girthy cum-grinds/pleasures n whacking n cock-holding lines/how long was it really?/gonna last this one crime/we gave up a FUCK a long time/nw we just cry/and bitch n moan and share our reflect/at the contempt, the concept, the shit you don't get/sorry blondie but it be true/no matter how deep the rhyme/you stila white skinned fool/dancing without soul, no rhythm to boot/why skin color have to train to mimic the truth?/yes, you adapted to a place you ain't from/from a land so dark n deep they worship the sun/they roll in the sand, no beach to lay on/one by one by a bridge froze only for some/but here i am as you are as we are all one/how long can the gimmick the charade this tale end love?/this started as a phrase a statement on Brett, i fret/and I became the mission above/a threat and a task to crush it undone/no fancy play not "better this way"/just a simple pleasure to annihilate betray/the parades n crusades n ignorant amscray/'if I don't know it, why even stay straight?'/good questions mamas, listen to boyz who's gone Way, not to betray but to alleviate the tension, we ridicule n play them as bait/it ain't about denying the woman who weak, the kiddies who speak, the niggas who tweak/it about destroying the klans, the white, the power that reaps/THAT all too much for my delicate love stride/my mind on hyperdrive, ready to shine/but the harsh reality must be told/the old be dying be dead be sold/the baybees must RISE, must shell it, must scold/and be bold, for even death in the name of right is forever untold/the storytellers never unfold/and we rhyme n climb n kiss the unkind/with hammers n shovels n rolls of fine dimes/leaving the marks of the diamonds behind x3

8 Fall, 'n' Fall 'n' Love w/U

CUSTOMsex Oneso, A Death Crew

Recorded 03/12/19

Trip Hop Clutter Beat/Japanese Spring Drum 08

Britney Spears "Piece Of Me"

Calling me white, all hype at the party/my skin ain't got no grin/you whiter than shawty/pouty/my new name for you who fam her crew/and still avoid a different view/i'm not different and neither is you/ask me what i am today/SERIOUS BOY/fuck with what i have to say/the man is hardly that, as he slightly fat, but hard as that/no color in these words anymore/the story a chore, their ambience to score/it ain't about money you whore!/but WHOA that be if Speares us a tree/a BRIT manuscript anonymously/Elizabethan maid-Maryan cum-cock from my roost/give you trees n fleas n natty reprieves/from a ghetto that just be American proof/AMP UP da BOOST!/non-voter misandry don't front for me/long before adorations an assumptions be seen/a basic human spark be igniting these dreams/ignore WHORE and move onto flow onda danceflo/the anger dispensssssed/the words more a mess/for in the fluid thickness that be da vice/amass b'fore you fall crev-iced/into your ass n onto it deep/prolapsed-cleaned insides/licking da streaks/for be the 'burpbs that we AT/me in the valley, you in the flats/for those souls both be worn thin/from da mouthing you do anda fuckin' love-spins/i'm done twirling cuz you underpinned by the moment that fade you at every lynchpin/heard the word "slave" tonight/made me puke on sight, I'm amerikan in fright/not at the beauty they be/but at the phrases that make them be kings/ain't the only one throwing outda thieves/gonna praise the malaise from the other whack boys/and a girly who be/doomtree anarchy!/and in this land of the FREE/from green and screams for that nipple to see/what happened to making chicks more brainy than weeeeeeehhhhhh?/illiterate bitches they be, wanting everything for nothing/well let me tell you sumthin'/about this little investment we call custom/you be taking from me/and i come for thee/i ain't run like a rake, even if baked like a cake/no, i run to U/riding heavy n custom cum-thru/end it all with one big bang/like that THANG at the end of FAME where we all try to HANG but fade into cane-so-sweet our brain left us TAME in the wild with only a rabbithole FRAME to streak away into black fairplay while white be the SAME/a passing fad POC-marked on our brains, those fucking skullfuckers playing the lame tracks we lain/choo choo to avoid the engine running ya game/the squad team you glean asif shined with manure/so pure/like a skinhead killed by the brothers he ate/out of spite for the hate they retaliate/in subtle but extreme obliterate/as digital warfare in the sines and young babes be invalids trained on both sides/to ignore us, the Oneso divine, who be in themselves, as ourself reignin' anti-line shine/but their sunny delights surmise our RISE/from its very own place, that calm cosmic space/that not a label be touched or gently mistrust/misogyNOcentral stubs/stuffed into ears/for fear of snafu/a word that be you/be me be us/meatus in A WONDROUS NORMAL P.O.V!/chaos ain't got no color no gender no sex/a death crew/we be AWE/ahhhh ahhhh x4/as all take the fall n fall in LOVE WIT YOU

9 The Sleeps

Ghost-Achieved

Recorded 06/28/19

Indonesian Gamelan 01

Ozzy Osbourne "Mr. Crowley"/Naughty By Nature "Hip Hop Hooray"

Mr. Foley (Crowley)/the neighbor knows the crew/walking in here/they know I'm
the fool/waiting for 'cestors/not Sunday preachatory Tools/the non-believer/
sitting alone w coffee-based stools/

but she colors my eyes/genes a common surprise/that religious gifts be the
rouse/to manifest a destiny obtuse/a place called home/so distant thru
phones/when one can't look up and see/the face in love's space and anime/of
animus/anima sway/toss your arms that-n-this way/hip hop hoooooray/H0000/the
one they played befo'/a site of cosmic mexica truth/connected through rock/
maintained through smooov/waiting for they to stay/and eat the beastly masks
away/to face the race/who carry my place/and secure a trace for future base/

keep the vision in view/give your spirit la raza taketi uloomu/why do these
words mean so little to you?/perceiving miracles/sounding spiracles/to
wraparound... wrap a word is orange bound-around/grandmama's 3 bear porridge/
ain't easy to forage for torrent qi agent lore is/a storage/of the deceptive
trainee as spoiled oranges/that while she was raping verbiage/like the cum
dumpster behind the garage/when a sliver of sex comes back to me/verbage-
GARBAGE-garage-verbiage/ELITE/say it with me, so sweet, so complete/NO ONE
competes/

but the color was yellow, maybe a "cornflower" bright/heard that word before
in the middle of the night/"meet me there" is what she said/but don't
remember who faced that head/yet was a familiar fright/in a familiar site/
without a fight/but her face be blurred/even if a sweet voice could be heard/
could be da voices of a few paternal ones/maternal in essence and bright as
the suns/brighter than the faded mellow pee/she watched me as I streamed onto
the wall in front of me/with the holy spirit on kill spree/my own soul freed
to be animalistic, ghost-achieved/for on a fatal...street where you could
hide/

this where other children spied/and fell in love with you and she/7 minutes
of heaven at costly ecstasy/for in another closet same side da family/maybe a
cuz, maybe another/maybe too motherly/and too deep to smother/for the
faceless walk in front of me/past my eyes and into my sheets/fondling my
dreams and memories/stalked and haunted/even inda sleeps

10 Refresher

JUBLAM! (or Jubilant Kablooey BAM!)

Written 10/26/2018 & Recorded 03/10/19

Hip Hop Reggae Beat/Trip Hop Candy Eater

Michael Jackson "Wanna Be Starting Something"

She be the refresher/the go getta/the supreme elite/wear her like prada/we be
LVating/not wanna be startin/something so clean, so fresher/I dare her to not
lust after this scene/free n sassy/neat and classy/heartcore/hardcore at war/
anarchy in store for the fems who attack they/but attach HEY!/n we go
shopping at the same stores/as a lad, was a bore/as a man, this where da
ladies snore/But she the refresher, so clean n mean to the unjust senses of
dream OPPRESSAS/positive ascension in quieter domains as fortuitous arrays of
soul DISPENSAS/i be one as she be the sun/weh n yaw! roll otolithic to the
beat of the gods/who keep UR fear lit inda fade uhda fire PRAISAS/with
contempt for the nerves who masticate n regulate the fantastic epitaph
immolated by hell RAISAS/shhh/for death be da sight by site of where you lay
them down to rest/at night/until the screams of hallow's eve-lit fright bears
witness to the cardiac arrest at fight/Yet, she is refresher/lusher and
plusher/babyphat and muscle/smoov and rough as diamondz tumble/horoscopic
horizontal/jerk n bob her fussy tussle/she be subtle pressure/and tight
objective leisure/as i subsume the freak n foil/da weird stalker here to
hustle/YEAH!/a baby out that nice...neat little slit, then slick ya asshole
afta/cuz i love a dirty little flower as much as i revere her power/we be
mixing fire n desire, a mile a minute, a quantum flash sired/for what do you
do when she be da refresher?/beg her?/elevate her and plan forever?/kill yo
self and journey thru nothin' n never?/all good the sauee-shiver n chevre?/
propose, marry, n fund babycraycray feva?/keep asking questions til she find
a different flavor?/it's right now, reply to senda/cuz she the refresher/my
pleasure and patience/my enslaver and fragrance/from the first day I saw her/
until suicidal tendency be terror enraget/til the smell of my blood acts only
as tamer/kinder gentler spirit of a man/my plan her jam/my ends her scram/my
proposal her brand/name me a label and i disseminate JUBLAM!/Refresher!

11 To Live and Die With-In Kansas

A Brief on Song

Written 10/28/2018 & Recorded 03/16/19

Remix Tambora 01

Kansas "Dust in the Wind" (MIDI CC)/Live "Lakini's Juice"

Last nite was refreshing/meshing and taming her heart/the chill the feels
from so far apart/the game isn't just 4 luv/it's the thrill of crushin' dem
above/killing the same/decimating their shame/but what's the move we needin'
to make?/how to expose their blamin' n fakes?/how to choke the tricks of the
trade?/any 1 can toss out words/terms turn forms towards hemispheric storms/
lightning crashes as crypsis reforms/booms and bangs and coy mistakes/back in
the frame, timbre rhyme timing hi-stakes/was a fucking rake/led thru the maze
of give-give n take/but auto-sight-cided escaped n astray/outer ephemera
hands clasped n pray/what energy emerges from such dexterous delay?/word to
mouth to reign refrain/no tradi-formula giving way sway/we not here to play/
and we won't deny the melee/the fight is on/they tuning our song/redundancy
only breathing orgone/so long sweet lexicon/the devil left punky truth all
along/solipsists to rage and war on/the conflict always a wayward son/center
copernicus, "I alone"/live in kansas was the inspiration for this, so carry
on/from dust and wind to copper-throwing throngs/this the best we get/decades
through beyond...

12 Ghostfucked Baphogyny

\$\$\$costoso

written 11/05/2018 & Recorded 03/22/19

Remix Tambora 02/African Skies Kit 01

NAH...fuck/Been so long since I sang this song/learned a few new things
today/like I'm da man n I'm fucking here to stay/toppled some urban myths/n
turbaned syths/as the mantra be slicing clean n clear/tantrums be wide n
shrill/she be yellin n knockin from one inside/he be faking n taking 6 foot
homicide/ABIDE/don't matter the nature of da terms he spewout/clever's a
thing but meaning dead en route/to altaristas y fiestas y amor por ti/ellas
estrellas/be part of da galactic surveyas/you can bank n stab n defy the
slayer/BUT YOU A BETRAYER/to what that meaning be about/the way the path the
route/to emotion... implosion/a rat who stabbed a baby while stealing a fat
stack/shot in the back/wild as none/far from the sun/but black in attack/it
all as sniffy as jive n jazzy tact/calling for the myth/luciferian drift for
the goatheaded stabbed/into your foot and up through your phragm/illusioning
a gram/pentagonal elucidated surrender I am!/once satanic once so pure/never
bathed in the blood of pressurah so peer/killed those weaker than eye/
panopticon genesis fucking illuminati/latinos be pronouncing genetically/
linguistic variations superpositioned quite frantically/don't take a genius
to pay for prosody/take a nigga to lose it through parody/but don't be using
a slur if dat playa be he/call him out for inblatant indecency/cuz when the
criminal be outed subliminally/anda image be thickened dermally/thin as it is
epi-K it be/phenomenon be creeping so effortlessly/psi n quanta n floam
unknown/da thickness n girth needing back its home/in dat pussy/in dat
throat/dreamin' a U layin ondat bed afloat/letting me dig deeper into ya
soul/dark round eyes gazing n glazing up from they holes/letting me stay
letting me in/air fighting dick for the win/but choke it some more until I
smoov it out/covered in MHComplex drained from da mouth/lover's got a harder
edge than the ones who beat/we beat da meat as Onan leaned/no biblical verses
beyond rectal obscenes/SO MEAN!/no longer will his tempts tame da kitty/as
his reverence for willendorf or lucy be shitty/enough about da dead pity/back
to da baby/da funny da sunny da easy da peony/cum give more/more honey more
money more fucking crazy "HEY! ME?!"/she's all think paid appear for free/
that ghostfucked baphogyny/baphogyny x3/that ghostfucked baphogyny

13 Brain Unbudded

Murican Sludge

Written 11/06/18 & Recorded 05/10/19

Remix Timpani FX/African Skies 08/Trance Deep India Beat 01

Let's do this thang and drank some lean/one in the same/jews losing fame/why the game so lame?/

back when I was lil chicano/there was only one god, one binary impresario/be where rhythmic presidio blossomed into lyrical aficionado/maestro poet-official/death permissible/a testament to today and never tomorrow/revolted and revulsed by what ma n pa used to say/grams n grumps before them, traditions not astray/what i fought was the fight itself/the lame game reframed at home on its cosmic shelf/

like a white-winged teen turned gray, fatal crash extended-play/meaning lost in monetary disarray/sense in splay/too much skin, too little manifest destiny/my story a smidgeon curtailed by barking paranoid delay/eery silence tickled away/♥/the kitty jingled my heart today/but no fucking way she stays/

i'm running out of "A"'s, aye x2/

so back to urban not being the same as black/history retold with more balanced detract/stations n megacorps sounding like gestapo/the word used to haunt deeply genocidal sorrows/one can condition context through sound repeated/rote and written for all who speak/PERMITTED/i'm fuckin tired of omission for proper n neat/"keep it in the ballot box", "flex your power", "admit defeat"/

so you think I'm fuckin' obsolete? x3/

this delusion unmasked decades past seen/no continental dream/no masterpiece scenario on which to affix my greed/PLANT A SEED/in her feline cream or thrust into dirt/neither will hurt/both will revert/choose to retread tradition or die alert/not in love not in faith not as some shitty ol' fuckin turd/BATHE/fuck you, fly the bird/fly the coop/roosters n cocks just be dicks in her terms/worms do squirm/where rats get buried/carried in skullfucked babyphat asses/

gaped open wide/branded gloves n glasses/spread it adriano n hide/savage sanctorum speculum in they eyes/pray i pass out before i gettin your behind/stand up and amazon me, feet on high/cringey n crunge be crunky grunge/just like that sponge afta assfoam mixin' fuzzy fudge/see it in your mind as I cum on your pudge/twerk be the last word I use to misjudge/never wrong about the limits of your brain unbudded/goodnight as I wallow in da suicidal sludge x3

14 **Stutter Stammer N a ME**

Politically Shamed Chatter

Written 11/07/18 & Recorded 03/12/19

African Zulu Kit 08/Trip Hop Pop Beat 01

Enemyxinfinty/"Jublammer"/he announcing in micro-stammer/"the the the lo-lo-lo-
loser be be be be thee snooo snooo snoozer"/Slower than most, demented
bestman during the wedding toast/he slower than most, a cruiser/"Whwhwhwh
when I-I-I-I wa wa was a ch ch ch chi chi child, ra ra raped be be be be beca
beca became abuser"/it's painful to hear what he's got to say/raped as a
child, bent knees to pray/not to god not to jesus christ not a holy trinity/
throwback to bullet-dodgers in binary triple D/neologisms infinitely escape
my mind/REWIND/to syllogisms, play on words, metonymy defined/exhumed rakim,
sister souljah, revolv' crimes in rhymed time/i be searching for the depth
to leave jublammer behind/we never going to be like what it is, how they say/
an anecdotal anomaly raison de etre/absolute humanity flawed existenz freed/
bacchus resumed circadianly/one hour imagined, one hour to dream/give it now
o die micro-quotidianly/this why the visioned dark combusts spontaneously/a
shifting jazzwind revolves polybass rhythmicity/bounce to the barked arc
riding a rolled framed unnamed n placed at head on a peak beyond gamed
calamity/a tragedy of mixed race to affirmate da -ation vibration positive in
his stride/B.H.O. be alive!/n RESIDE/as the natives we are, dug in this land
farmed as a chore/cosmic cornfed crescents emerge some more/encourage a
storage of agency orange/pop! the orange kind/uncle resign and lay down that
weepy head right next to mine/"jublammer" a punchline?/the job of the blind/a
one-time surprise then surmise their demise at the loss of the prize/the ends
be a stammer so graciously hammered/as one may not make fun of the retarded
three/either you can't see/can't hear or are challenged specifically/"shu shu
shu shut up, it's ju ju ju just an ability"/all of us lack one, deny
prejudicially/as the root of his stutter, my stammer and the end of what it
means to be me/fucking racists be free/plucked like fruit hanging from an
apple tree/or gravity/HARPA antinomy through ESP/how creepy!/I'm sure we're
all streamed/as another flies HOVAhead disturbingly/I stare into its face
surreptitiously/believing cryptids flying that plane erroneously/into
american economics ignorantly/supporting representative currency/combusting
sanctified insurgency/on a night when nothing changed by the same political
games of swapping spit through fame and shame/"sh sh shame be my my my my na
na na na na N a ME"/Enemyxinfinty

15 Conscientização

Oralé Wey, Feng Shui Bodhisattva Golgotha Obeyed

Written 11/07/18 & Recorded 04/19/19

Analog Drum Machine 74/NuJazz Air Beat 02

crimedog billionaires, motherfukin trillionaire/Beyzos-tastic homophobic
debonaire/lost his hair resenting cushy office chairs/BEWARE/this story never
elaborate/here I sit unfinished wrought-ironed into shit/her tits floppy out
to the lateral/medial retraction absentee battles/political systems still
carpe diem/I seize on their ignorance, ignore their freedoms/representative
faux pas/time to march for it all/in splendor or awe/earth is dying humans be
raw/but dumber than aderall/babies re:uptook brains on stall/blossomed woke
in the suicidal pistil/trees seen from the fall/snap goes cervical/

another quick entry into da intra-dimensional/auto-transsect/turmoiled mind's
explain a refrain to be checked/CHECK, CHECK CHECK/listening to microphoned
circumspect?/or just hearing the lit, faded n wrecked?/screaming in delight,
refuge at night/believing things happen in the dark/dark be now, dayflight
quarked/dimmed by the spacey knifeight/

westside is eastside/printed bullets in polycarbonite/BANG BANG/they shot me
dead/but i still shoot on sight/well-read never led me to the promised land
of "Tomorrow! AHEAD!"/what was it I said?/offended by shaving their sheepskin
well-fed?/phat ass babies be milking their threads?/slimming the fabric,
cellulite stretchy retread?/we'll all be dead/digital shoppers spending they
bread/on homophobic, chikfila, diamond oil encrusted bald heads/

white as blindness from mutual gaze/electromagnetic labyrinthemed maze/whole
world consciously dazed/conscientização set ablaze/please burn nerves into
ashy decay/fucking cell phones destroyed or obeyed/fuck you oralé wey/give me
back my feng shui/bodhisattva, tangible golgotha/come drink the diarrhea, a
frothy naughty oughta/for danker than brewers/finite ingest and rise through
the sewers/slumdog papilloviral heirs/backoff BEAWARES/this story never
elaborates here/is that a hair?/why is there POOP. in there?/POOP. N oh air

16 Pop Hop Hip Pip

Biomusicography Blues

Written 11/08/18 & Recorded 03/08/19

Tibetan Peace Drum 05/Club Dance Beat 204

David Bowie "Fame"

Since I met a young girl, my sonic perspective has shifted. I used to listen to hip hop in the 90's, when it was still called rap, but didn't listen again until recently, maybe 2014, I DRIFTED...In those 14 or 15 years, only Beyonce, Mos Def, Kanye, maybe some Lil Wayne and MIA really entered my SHUFFLE...before then Public Enemy, De La Soul, Dre, Wu Tang Clan, Fugees, Saul Williams, the Roots, whomever I could find or HUSTLE...The reason I left hip hop behind was because of the woman I was with, she wasn't a fan but was rather unkind. And truly, not too many in my family listened either. When I returned, I felt jilted, on FIRE...I felt like the talent, level and message were gone, the inflation was grand, and there was nothing for an affluent generation to innovate BEYOND...This was only about 5 years ago, with the scene moving sooo SLOW...

Today I want to write about music. I have been composing lyrics or poems for the last few months, some good, a few bangers, a few more offensive, but all calling out the game and how they USE IT...When I was in my early 20's, the game was less superficial but still as unnecessary and trivial. What someone like Gil Scott-Heron or the Last Poets did was use the medium to create the real woke and reveal the SPIN...Griots was a sub-culture, a fine art, learning that soothsayers and rhymers were Egyptian at HEART...But any human who speaks the words from their heart are set apart because they believe in what they say, the visions of justice and faith etched onto their GRAVES...I used to think the flow was more complex than they said, but I learned to sit on my bed and vibrate tracts they lit in my HEAD...I expected this is how we were all fed, the ones who walk around with the sound they INTEND...

I was raised on rock and pop, Spanish, disco, punk and hip hop. As a child, I was forced to hear 60's, 70's and 80's, from Frampton to Motley Crue, the Beatles to the SUPREMES. It was only in the 90's when I came into my own, walkman, discman, guitar, drums, and trombone, mixing blues, metal, and jazz into my headphones...I didn't know the reproductions I was listening to were introductions into genre-heavy complexity, musical REVUE. Add such diversity to the emotional damage I'd accrued, and my creative musical expertise was far more to CONSUME. Grunge as Nirvana, Pearl Jam and Blind Melon, country as Strait, Brooks, Reba and Waylon. Herbie was just FUZZ to be seen, Peter Gabriel and Sting, Janet, Michael, Whitney and CELINE...I was ashamed of the campy, the numb and the greed, for the best voices banked while the rebels OD'd...

Enter my 20s and corporate dreams exploded, the underground of music revolutionaries IMPOLODED...We could feel the change coming in the musical routine no rhythm was safe, know what I MEAN?... So much variation, so average and lame, it feels a little like the industry was more than a GAME...Music is a life and message to tell, but the celebrities who control it pretend to be well. They write a song or two, upload it for me and you, paid for the attention economics rather than the timbre reused and reproduced and repeated like the BLUES...The music that started it all, narrating the tale of humanity's inequitable FALL...No more music. We. Lose. It. All...

17 Thee P.P.

Verbally-Violating Animalz

Written 11/09/18 & Recorded 05/30/19

Brazilian Berimbau 05/Trance Get On The Beat 4

Shots and shit, since I been here/not from a gun, but from drunken culture
far n near/thought it'd be different this time around/but what I found was
the 'ground the same as before/i try to see beyond the whores/but alas it so
obvious, I know what's in store/a little self destruction, some more suicidal
construction/so i ASK for the love of another far away/but she ain't go no
time, no fairplay/she all about the money/for if she had some, she'd forget
about me/and I suppose I be the one who misunderstands who we be/can't even
try to posit the love given to U for free/pauseit, look it up then placate
the dictionary king/the lexical referee/the cognitive transitory mastermind
supreme/stitch that into your shoulder bag-fanny pack monogrammatic dreams/
hooped balls through rings, that ain't elevated scene/it's inflated skills
and manicured thrills/for the aerial arts induce hypnotic chills/with LV n LB
being the same fucking thing/no LA king, no golden rings, no trophy for ur
fashionable coastal retreat/YOU BEEN BEAT/some can't live in the novel world
we call home/politically A-correct/sad ignorance from the voice on the phone/
stick to the homogeny/the textual/the misogyny so told/shut your fucking
mouth and ignore rebellious tones/not mimicked zones and birds without souls/
conspiratorial absent regard, reality unfolds/at the simulations holographed
into your flows/my flow be cadently rhythmic and perpetually unsold/FUCK NEW
n OLD/you all be embarrassing to have and to hold/I DO!/she fucking yelled
from her cake-top view/buns out, suns out, we all smiles bout YOU/think about
yo' self, your bridewealth and mooning in Kathmandu/"honey, honey honey honey
spiritual transcendence B UR living clue"/you only married me to devote your
whole crew/spend the cheese and tame the shrew/you older than she, the rat
tattled on by youthful residue/reproduced again n again by the same moronic
few/wealthy but through/we coming from -n- on all of U's/ABUSE/say it with me
loud and proud/gangsta blood and crypts be found/the violation abnegation you
can't see as true/surround your brain with novocaine and giggle kiddies
caressing titties outta anxious fitties and sad excuse/shame the innocent for
being childishly cute/RENEW/why nature have to appear so lewd?/why you think
humanz got more love than beasties subdued?/roadkill delights, she said it in
fright/"how you compare an animal to me?"/SO EASY/the waste you produce, the
smell of your pee/WEE WEE oui x3/we call it such appalling searing redundant
skidoo/males want to fuck, itsa universal rule/commando sights flatironed...
visual heights!/into the cosmic cycle we see/keeping humanz animalz in fright
for free/rather than arguing over someone else's PP PP/I'm done pretending
you not judging thee/I'll violate skull, penetrate fear, antagonize da kill,
n alleviate decay of property/a death so fulfilled, forever #23

18 Mall Zombies Creep

AI Organicist REFRAIN

Written 11/16/18 & Recorded 03/10/19

Native American Drum/African Crash Box 01

REFRAINx3/What are the parameters of this vision I dream?/the scene unseen/
but heard about in screams/I still give in to what they all need/when all I
really want is to eliminate the greed/they feed/sow the seeds for levitation
beyond apostle's creed/they all follow the followers like sheep to the feed/
scrollin' and rollin' deeper into contrived rhyme/with club members strokin'
fine corporate dimes/I can leave ya all behind/as white bois in the 90's
defined/but I check my text again/played as daddy and drained of my grins/
sins unfold in the church of deceptions so old/that not a diode in mold/can
control this B.O.L.D./said it was a vision, dreamt and scrolled/manifold/
threaded through my everyday agora/phobias sold/to millennials touched by
fire and saturation/lit and faded, they're the new creation/that tools and
games be their vibration/but we ain't just giving in to the pleasurable
sensations/we bombing for love/amassing murderers of doves/pretending they
godsent from above/crows count many when left all the scraps/carcasses
nourished, stars be strapped/for fear of the wrap/round and round the ratt
sneaks further/deeper into crime not found in da rhymes of da fools who shot
her/liberty is dead, scales unbalanced/the almighty dollar finally silenced/
until we enter the domain of the framed/stop dragging your feet/maintain walk
untamed/but the zombies be strolling, all looking the same/bubble butt genes/
genderless remains/homogeny in pain/REFRAIN/to see light fade in the eyes of
the ashamed/burned at the stakes/the curse so thick, so tough to break/for
WILL be the ad/tidings all faked/REFRAIN/for seasonal steals seal the deal/
thrills insane/REFRAIN/and give it a new name/REFRAIN/what be the novel label
to shame-share/can one be woke and still care for fame-to dare/the burden of
the few who play their games-sit right there/waiting for those to appease
addictive maims-stares/reflecting habitus onto styles so lame/they all meet
in place and all be the same/homogeny REFRAIN/memetic robots with no brains/
REFRAINx4

19 Space Invaders

Epistemological Conceit

Written 11/18/18 & Recorded 03/12/29

Breaks Fat Hammer Fill/Club Dance Beat 143

"you don't know me"/this is what hers say/"you're a man hater"/promise I won't judge your display/but learn to sip less and meticulate your play/in the world of flow/as said befo'/articulate "redundancy"/invest in your own blow/then come invade my space a lil bit mo'/never did I think she be so naive/hers with me, me's appeased/wasn't changed decadently/generationally/absent-mindedly/fade away/"you can't remember what you were yesterday"/funny to be oldman n burn out the past/for real/what a steal!/what a wheel/what a recycled excuse to bad bitch a value meal/ahh/announcing your entrance as transcendent souls/postmates ordered and then tips be stole/viewed the pocket mantra as the excuse be lame/you need more than a calm claim to fame/and a company who frames/your ignorance/your bliss/your sjw retards are amiss/give me a kiss/smells the same/poc or pos named/

your indivi-dissonance needing to uplift/

at the cost of losing positive drift/working slower than the roll you pretend is lean n shrift/I continue from where I left off, lyrics a gift/ossicular homicide not to be missed/we about to blow that tympanum out/pack up 'em MREs/the girl scouts are on drought/dripping down they legs/we're not talking about a few/or eww/or pedophile rapist neonazi residue/we talking about you/n'swa/those who get paid to change nothing more than their epidermal superficial layers of tattoos/BOOs/from the uppa deck/my boo lighting up my retina just to check/chiasmatic overlap n opposite world view/no matter the graphic context/my mind still bigger than a few/

I chump you rekt/

special effects to juggle your phat/elevate that twat/finally use the word cunt without needin' my sweet hazmat/style of the essences long forgotten in rows/the water too shallow, to fecal for my flows/over an hour through bushes n weeds n bones/the bounce n jiggle of forms expressed through symbols n phones/asking, aware of what you preach?/teach how to leech from those paraphrands that reach/know your tongue in chic/double entendre/play on words/vernacular gerund breached/this ain't no fucking beach/it's called a high desert/a dessert so sweet/where mom and dad and uncles and cousins/aunts are the whole team/no one fucks their sisters unless they mean to hear some screams/

wtf!//

apathy begin without beginning to listen to what she don't mean/the story is so streamed/so lined with a sight beyond all they can feed/attaching the words too neat/so clean/no need for feels with no beat/or extensive verbiage usurping consensus conceit/this is the invader space where we all intend to meet x2

20 **Beastly Prowess**

To T,TC and the BBs

Written 11/20/18 & Recorded 03/09/19

Pop Complex Beat/Pop Three vs. Four Beat

I have a few moments to breathe/I'm a nighthawk @ the end of his string/the diner is closed, da kitchen birdseed/the lingering feeling of not being in need/

it scares the daylight outta me/so I spend my nights asleep/bring the nightlight to scare away the deep/but it ain't goin' away, as the other peeps creep/

cheap, cheep/i can hear your whispers, judging my solitude/we die alone, a trap mantra, so shell out your attitudes/they'll only listen if i got the crude and rude/

fracking for souls/sourced childhood tolls/grounded nickel loaded ions/fuming reactive science/dead comedy n chemical Zion/

the kings were never animals ate upon/the creator of tyler be dirtier than robbing paul's son/ill boutique, small colored communications on the run

But my story from today isn't a lame rhyme, it ain't a competition, it's the awareness everyone gets it but nuthin' they can do about it, they got no time they got no vision/

I talk harsh, I'm not fair/I'm everything they aren't, or I try to be aware/I know I'm bad, I have nothing to lose, and the feeling of always alone is now just so true/

I haven't an excuse/I haven't the will to fight against those who deny me most/no matter how mean, fucked or unaware they can be when they boast/

They pretend, but as I said even today I'm free/And I'm on a path to bodily eternity

I always wondered what the suicide letters read/or the letters to the editor about to create mass dead/I wondered if the signs were evident in the words they read/or if they all did it because they were as clueless as they said/

I negatively know it's the latter/for as I age and separate myself, no one really understands how much it mattered/attention is a deeper frontier/without all that you're missing and all that's not here/

We can be in multiple places while sittin' in the same seat for hours/How does that even work? And am I lost in the extinctive transfer to instinction and absent "ours"?/

It reads, 'don't exist, live' when all the moments strain their power/to a single entity in need of devour/leaving no trace behind of the masters to whom you cower/

Fuck you!/I'll die with my beastly prowess, l'amour fou us/cowards!

21 Named Drop Lime

Acute Apocalyptic Bloodletting

Written 11/22/18 & Recorded 06/07/19

Tibetan Peace Drum 6/TR-606 RnB Beat

Johnny Mathis "The Christmas Song"/Coolio "Gangsta's Paradise"

As the confusion sets in/the fused furies are at my whims/detaching from what you once knew/remember, she's gave up on you/threw up on you/puked away your world view/PLACATING a word they never...look up!/don't spew on me like that, you know wassup/the terms I use to say HI/the emotions you use to wave good-bye/I know we're not the same, different frame, juicy games/but I ain't playing that strategy/ain't preparing your elegy/don't see the ends in sight/don't just go to sleep at night/NAH, I fade into the veil/embrace it to no avail/hide within the darkness of your thoughts/escape from the actions that all U's bought/reiterating what it means living wit no money/standing and defining righteousness/slurpin' honey/declaring I stare at U's for the aesthetic/my rhetoric begging for more than athletic/brown is what we call ourselves/but that a different nation, foreign explanations/fucking books on shelves/southern sets of ideological elves/'tis the season for giving and taking, sharing and baking/but it take a fatty blunt to get through the faking/no sweat off deez nuts, chesting 'em back from the roasting fire/RETRACT/a man today, a boy on attack/but slyly and subliminal/beastly vigilance and id so animal/my primal canvas painted in black gray and purple/all they say is, "que mi hito, muy mal"/but I ain't never been that bad/mostly been depressed and sad/sensitive to the glazed gaze going back into the festivities/I cope in rhyme, elaborate negativity/faded into the habit/nunnery shut and priestly sabbat/mixing religions and forgotten traditions/will my family ever enlighten their omissions?/instead of some artificial EURO celebrations/america should enact a day of reconciliation/catharsis and sharing and open-minded confessions/OBSESSIONS/no sins only held in god's mind/no fear of inevitable rejection, or desire to resign/that which was only deemed painful to one another/it won't happen in my life, or so I gather/it's asif my life is already over/I'd just love it to be happy, for HER to be a pushover/but adoring me for the beauty I'm not/it's run its course, I'm nearly forgot/the things I write have no depth wrought/FLASHFORWARD/I simply compose how I feel and keeping moving towards/death and nihilism and existence be absent/transcending facades and embracing the constant/no worries of now, all lain and wasted/I could keep going on or continue to get toasted/toasted now roasted, I'm back in your flow/chubby saints and gloating animals, transformed and bowed/demanding the wall/keep in mind the space, what others think of you all/Cali-O/Coolio/named drop lime/this gangster life paradise is so far from mine/there's rich and fine/fighting for the same/but in the end we all know which game we be playin'/talk like them and it all be stain'/can't imagine living in such a temporary plane/so fucking INSANE/the density so sick, thick secrets be spreading/acute apocalypse/I'm not even bedding/it stayed just a kiss, bloodletting

22 The Sassafras Hore

Back-A-doored Bunnies

Written 11/27/18 & Recorded 06/22/19

12-8 Afro Cuban Conga 01/Indian Rajah Tabla 36

Elton John "Tiny Dancer"

played/hopeless romantic strikes again!/she ain't no friend/hearts on da
mend/to be single and torn/one from before's a number/she a chore/sweeping up
hundreds of crickets/dustpan, broom, turn on the spigots/waterworks abruptly
washing it all away/just another fucking day!/more appears only because I
hope it so/listening to revolutionary revile, I'm part of the recycled flow/
but my skills be faded/stunted as the beat of the organ jaded/shunted, so
often been traded/swapping teams, dehydrated/spit/blown kisses more stank
than my hairy armpits/fairy gold dust darkness by another name/but I omit that
frame/forget I'm lame/echo her thunderous scam through the caverns of my
diaphragm/i need to breathe hers in/but there ain't chances, nowhere to
begin/do i let loose and fall to the floor as a fuckin' whore/or see it for
what it's worth and blindly love and adore/i'm not playing with architextural
composite, emotional composure/i'm on to hers and aware of the blurs/it used
to be clear, clean when i was in it/but murky opaque and denser than a pos/i
love the term, the smell, its very essence/what it provides is richer than
gold, cleaner than coal, a real deposit/expectations of luminescence/i could
call out her name right now... but she's won't answer/they too busy with they
beauty rest, tucked in tightly, tiny dancer/come prancer, bye bye cancer, you
know her worth/she too beautiful, too committed, she the queen and you just
the native perp/don't twerk/this beat ain't for your ass/it's for a babe who
got class/enough to stand up and say, 'don't disrespect a lady with that
sass'/sassafras, gotta smoke it to stay awake/be woke/deep toke/my ears
dreary from one hear of tone loc/sloooow poooooke/eating gravel/distant
travel/even within-nation bears a state/my feels are irate as they resonate,
hoping to alleviate the phantasmic transubstantiate/she never up too late.../
in bed I wait/not wishing for desire/nor the lusty fire of her thighs wrapped
around me as i sire/kiddos and babies to nurture and grow/thrust on this bed
a stone cold throw/post-rape fate/NO/it's never too late to give it one last
and final go/like a panting hound dog whipped as before/chasing her tail be a
fluffy metaphor for the asinine man-act that I abhor/cuz all these bitches
believe they ain't being back-doored/haha, i cackle at the assertion, the
expectation, their ancient lore/no single from either divine exists yonder
yore/played, I stroke again and cum some more/on your face and in your hair/
other than your pussy and titties, I'd rather eat that rabbit/form another
beastly habit and forget you was even there

23 Otis Orange Hi-Jinx

Sober N Beautiful Aborigines (2 Eminem, Mos Def n Kanye West)

Written 11/29/18 & Recorded 02/16/19

Club Dance Beat 047/Indian Dholak Drum 19

Madonna & Muse "Take A Bow"/Kanye West & Mos Def "Drunk And Hot Girls"/Otis Redding "These Arms of Mine"

I gotta say/the anticipation gotta go away/the pain in my head must sway n stray/for the way, the tao/can't be led astray/hear what I say?/take a BOW/for far too long she rued the day/manicured n dry-blown, steadily with restraint/exhibiting cleavage and voluptuous age/panties into anus/seepage and rectal pain/PLAY?/sure Venus/call me a creep, never a sage/pretendin' my soysage ain't another name for penis/but i'm here to preschool the unlearn-ED/protocol retool the contortedED/brains insane!/when the politically-correct word is neuroatypical/through the ridicule/the discrimination/feeling minuscule/in need of redemption/used to think it mattered what they matter/ but they matter is in tatters n my spirit is in sync/not timberlaked or jc chasez trink/it's/bloodied splatters for those who tailored thin hi-jinx/better words do resound/when I return to the phase n emit the tranced inbound/contained within my own vessel of muscle/neuroanatomical tussles/the in-betweens and kinetic emergence/between quantum cosmic insurgents/terrorism within the skin/media emperors in for the win/embodied within their constellations of tubulin/tiny little ganglia gently tucked into genitalia/mesmerized for the night by white knight-LED sights/this boring crescendo seems to have eliminated their fight/whatever keeps a lover from loving a ME/the lover is lost forever, no cells touched meaningfully/not gently/smoothly/rapidly or sheathed/no, alone with only words to brighten what I see/divided between more than one to keep me awkwardly/selections vended/falling down into an... ungrabbed upended/HA/that tricky fucking door only so far bended/fucking springs guiding my palate/fucking smash my tongue with a mallet/let the loose pussy hang from my face is/devouring between her spaces/drenching her thighs, hips, leave licorice traces/cock whipped is our masochistic act/she appeases to only keep driving fast/no looking back/she on self-indulgent auto-snacks/no delicious sebaceous cunning lingual attacks/just more cheap thrills n anti-innuendo traps/but there ain't nothing hanging between those cheeks/the mounds are perfect, the view is cheap/even nipples seep/sheer reflections pretending to enhance lost aggressions/we fight back by over-saturating their horny essence/i can smell it from here/i can leer and cheer if they paid in beer/drunk n hot girls go lotty dotty dah/too much drinky mean run that phatty ass to the potty/DOLL/don't pee on the floor or vomit on the door/make sure you open up a bitch and wash you hands after n then some more/don't ignore!/literal fire-crotch don't pass on that itch/hives strewn across those rosy petals, those lips/how this tale turn into misogynistic revels?/trans- notions elevating masculinized levels/I settle for limited range n audible derange/as the gently whispered screams knock down my atrial dreams/how strange!/alone again/as if only the location has changed/FALL FALL FALL!/"Watch out down below!"/that's what these arms of mine yell n call/ORANGE!/white-presenting rap, go snap!/ARRANGED/time to bury their pains/NO KINGS!/stoned edge/aboriginal free reign/SO TAME/please stay the fuck outside my frame! x3

24 Master The Sexes

Counter-Evil Shamanistic Elaborate Nymphs

Recorded 07/12/2019

Club Dance Beat 043/Haunting Octaves 02

Etta James "At Last"

11.29/just when you think you got something to love/there it is again from deep inside stolen from above!/you know ur not worth it, there's better from the past/thinking it could all be different, true passion/at...last!/but Etta is right, as she is dead/that lovestruck fool often been misled/full of dread/only seeing his bed/loner depression, pretending to be strong/which tune today?/which song to sing with n play along?/

12.5/all that jazz/lost pizazz/where all we be eh niggaz/alas!/the words lost to the color in all they eyez/ASS/reflected in billed green's demise/post no thrills!/fight in the streets/spies and kills!/street-fighting fems/stones lost, rolling your ends/macking back to blood spilled before/some say revolution/but it's still a war/

had it out with ma the other day/in play/not a battle but personal struggles/no need for a hug, desperate for the snuggles/setting the mood for soft and tender/yells and screams engendered/embarrassed as a man who acts/reach beyond my weakened spinal tract/meridians blown up, a'ight/brain destroyed by suicidal frights/what it takes to admit defeat/

12.9/roll n roll n roll 'til complete/how much death can a young girl see/what can life mean to her if it's who she be/is in her current form/we're torn/from the union binding commitment forlorn/oh! how I adore and mourn!/my unborn babies weep for they mama/she so far away facing her own traumas/alone/yet I'm the one with no one to hold/been free of the charges for just so long/criminal ascent, quickly facing his fall/I maul the continued ideals driving earth's deadly stall/this lingual projection deeper than the meanings they settin' for us all/what's next, which tomorrow?/can I transcend my own hollow sorrows?/can she pretend this ain't about the borrow?/will sheep continue to follow?/haha/pretend is the end is the end is the death we all swallow?/easy to topple the predicament/when it's made by the unrepentant/wavering militants/the crooks who steal what we can't see/do see! and free the fear anonymously/form anarchy and incite mass revelry/elucidate that state...that early state and eclipse modern calamity/excess/undress/strip to the bone and clever up dat tone/

for today is a new moment and the date be exponents/12.10/powered nth/epileptic synth/beat the vibrations back with a stick/foreshadow the astronomer predicting the sith/counter-evil shamanistic elaborate nymphs!/one worships red erections/one hypnotized by expensive obsessions/one too cute and innocent to establish connections/one waiting for my move, a game player projection/no matter the matter formed from within/the completion always be a distinction between who pulls out n who puts one in/the genders wars this be/not really! lol/it's still about autonomy/reproductive astronomy/so forget about the pleasures n exits/stand firm by your presence and let's master the sexes/fuck your exes!

25 The Mope

Hardcore Noise & the Overload Hoard

Written 12/13 & Recorded 04/19/19

Club Dance 151/Heavy Growling Riff 08

sometimes it's easier to hide and mope/than pretend to rope-a-dope/with those who ain't there, who ain't ready to float/no butterflies today/only the stings of a Bey/independent women bathed in light/at what sights? what delights? what inane fucking frights they be bringing my nights!/wondered why men always went away to play/called it work/asif there was reason for their trade/their excuse to avoid the her's all-day-fade/arbitrarily one of 'em/better be gay n assume to be fem/wanna cry and lay back under the sheets/but sheeeet, there's more trouble in this little skull of mine than humanity complete/for it's repressed and held down/the mix of violence and hatred and lust inda background/even revealing these words scare the shit outta it/can't rhyme with 'me' again or my OCD throw a fit/in bits and bytes is the only home my mind feel safe/excusing myself for the anger that rides n chafes/rubbing what little I have felt of my matter/mater dura mata dora/I just keep charging n searching for her highness la exploradora/little girls free to be/little boys afraid to feel n see/the nasty rebellion they put into place/the caked on makeup lathered onto they face/desiring more than the beauty inside/stroking their cleavage, their titties n pussies from all sides/rape is the name given to the scare/but it more like consensual tactics, nature beware/aware that the end is near/aware that we should be in fear/aware that the drop of a needle means we all stare/and attack innocents who ain't got time for precious fare/stand up n wipe cream on those hemorrhoidal flares!/pop a boil, do you even fuckin' care?/stand the fuck up and fight!/for christ sake's, blasphemy was right/if our intentions were to save the world by being an only son/we fucking bailed on that lesson, fucking greed on the run/no white man ever wanted to follow a sand nigger/much less the trigger when faced with a racial dilemma-dinner-winner/"how the hell do we kill our own?"/just ask the negus who were bought and sold/and bought an sold again/by the brothers of they own skin/history has a hidden trail/an appalling tale/that when easily forgotten to the overload of now/all infotainment designed to be chow/chopped up bits of carcass lying around/not the black tongued puffballs all cheesy and brown/called him fathead, a real native badass/not giving a fuck/he was the convergence of a species who had all the luck/raised in a desert, a true wild beast/him n his kind thrived in spite a all the homo-fucked feasts/rancor in gold, his spirit not forgotten/what do it take to be testosterone-stricken N confidently rotten?/ain't nothing sad about being sad about they mad and bad and disgusting fads/if they don't see what they destroy through all they toys/subliminally give them the path/HARDCORE NOISE/called the way, the balance so easily led astray/unwavering contempt for the uneasiness thru which we play/but i'm done with their game, the theory a fucking hoax/a method and excuse for their plan and they coax/not a water-downed fluid, not some obnoxious stimulated chew/back to the chow and the reason for you/believing in beyond, beyond the bubble you fade/there lies the answers for the godless insane/woke was a fracas, a state we was born in/now it's a kind of mind worn so very thin/i can smell it more than see its skin/what do it take, your head beaten in/to stand up for the mope?/no hope?/or just a hoard of dopes hanging from a rope?/my skin crawls and my bones cringe/never use that word during a motherfuckin' misanthrope binge!/bitches n cunts n twats for the win!

26 BBG (Bitchz B Gay)

The Microevolved Twerk 'n' Sway

Written 12/15/2018 & Recorded 04/26/19

Club Dance Beat 145/Effectuated Drumkit 7

You all lying bitches n I don't care/hallow's eve over/still-echo screeching
witches/banshees filling my air/do i dare?/keep rollin' out questions with
intentions to scare?/this ain't a holiday to hide who you are/BEWARE/"it's a
season of joy", if you start being fair/i confess, it's a mess, a hidden plan
aside/no more begging to be with, no more beggin' to ride/this all over now,
I can no longer abide/crying to yo' mama, an aunt who know no truth/it's
proof!/this single-serving affair be lil more than spoof/vomit tv, call it
what you will/everything you be watchin' a thrill as thick as a pill
swallowed down til you get your fill/augmented reality, brains fried slowly/
people acting themselves, fuck, just call me mr foley/(Mr. Crowley intro)/
again, crowley, gendry twist in the SNOW/bastard sons of a missing movement/
no one telling stories like it's meant to move shit/it all a performance, a
fucking show/no one can pose beyond who they be/thick glasses, attitudes,
skirts, n condescensions be freed/tabulating likes like attention matters to
me/damn it, I rhymed with self again/a fucking trend!/please take my life and
drip me clean/sliced through trachea, through jugular, through my bone/my
heart ain't got a bein'/fed without ANYTHING from my own throne/no crown on
this head, no mind on the mend/nope, just ignored and spaced like i'm only a
friend/pay me back bitches, show that you equal/stop spewing words out that
you ain't don't fucking know, people/retarded a better word to describe what
you think/the movements of girls was bullshit on pink/pussy be the next
secret shown worldwide/for they can't do better than grown men who hide/hide
for fear of whistleblowed sex/hide for respect for those who got next/hide
from the cunts in visual pretext/how can I hide from all they lazy fucking
ignorance?/my hatred of women is merely a farce/it's a reaction to their
treatment/to the compliments so scarce/don't ask for anything really, no
money, no art/just ask that your VIBES...just a lil a your heart/but bitches
ain't got heart for more than themselves/they like little elves/tranced into
santa who keep swelling their shelves/turning their valves, spraying on GOLD/
twerking they pelvis/meanings so cold/frigid air, locked in they
refrigeratore/S.O.L., they all soyberg, psyburg, fucking' cyborg like that
chick terminator/resting bitch face as a state of mind/enabled to pretend
that they all fine/i wanna stop and laugh for minute's on end/but my sample
is limited to those who pretend/not a woman step forward to fuckin' tend and
befriend/they all checking they ass, scrolling through trends/that fucking
cliche/that motherfuckin' soiree/that pos elaborate mistake of a play/that
beautiful concept framing my stay/fucking redundancy!/every day is the same/
insane/game-framed/a terrible lie they say is their way/well, cunts, I betray
and move over there, very very very very far and gay/but on top is the way we
sway/fucking even if fucking give no babies away/ahh, micro-evolution is here
to stay/bitches be turning me homo-sexual-eeee/that's pretty funny

27 Pussycrease

N-Order 2 Absorb Madness

Written 11/15/2018 & Recorded 02/16/19

Trip Hop Mover Beat 02/Dark and Heavy Riff 19

Michael Jackson "Bad"/Lady Gaga "Bad Romance"/Queen "Princes of the Universe"

one more check, check check/then i get wrecked, wrekt rekt/higher than a kite, I have to admit/i promise it's only to control the fits/it's all fake, all the way, from all of THEY/banging echoes will my heart, I wanna cry like crazy/craycray is what I'm being called/revealing how easily I've been bawled/"what a pussy ass, cry baby bitch"/that's what she calls/OUT/I call myself a wretch/no hiding my whimpers no hiding my pouts/never have to ask how it happened like this/the story is clear, the results slightly amiss/no sweat, no stress, gotta do my best/but the end is much nearer for the absent-forced loners/NAH, we sit at home watching amateurs, baby stoners/I've been trying to compose my problems as rhythms/forgetting the reason for them lyrical schisms/calling out da bitches has-been nuthin' but fad/I be mad, but one HARDCORE motherfucker... who's bad/never one for repetitive ideologies/entropies compose themselves strictly unconsciously/hence my alliteration revolution removed from the exposition/of selfish indulgence in these literary transpositions/nah, my cryptic chaotic is an elevation beyond exotic/the possessive presupposes your illiterate logic/to be as fucking bad mad motherfucker as we/you need to uncross your nerves n empathize recklessly/but all that rubbing hands n fingers n heavy pets saturate a faded night/t.scott about to grab whomever's pussy in sight/the course runs slower, taking on a mute power/rolling down to a beat that vibrates from sweet sweat to sour/mandarin delicacy be umami chowder/LAUDER/ferment the contagion of the Sensory-Indulgent Trans-passive Disease/SIT-Down enslaved peasant rhombohedonic-dimensional pussycrease/dripping grool from that skin sleeve/like mocos encrusted to the side of your nostrils/leave! little monstas/ga-ga little holes goo-goo/radio blow your loads!/but a lil too dirty for me I suppose/especially when hovering from a place above the trees/my anger alone drivin' my creative peace/no need for dank crank n-order 2 absorb your cheese/smelly as fuck, coming from yo butt/trashy trendy art farts anything but/SLUTS/selling your vision for cotton, linen n cunts/that misogyny still as filthy as old mudhuts/yeah, I racist in this one, HO-HO!/celebrating the peoples to free they souls/or so it's said by them godless ghouls/the SPOOKS who walk in, say hi, n reserve the tools/to manipulate n annihilate the entangled mesh/of what it meant to really be fresh/in this spherical island of treasured fools/i detest/but there's no absorbing the manipulators who believe/they can elect from OURB a monarch to lead/counter-polar cyclical racists conceived/from white to black and white again/with women pretenders/"can we just be friends"/idgit like idgaf like idc/or lol @ ur craycray stings, my dear babysnare/tsh-t-t-tsh.../friends? for real or pretends?/cuz i don't need another round of the bends/take it in the anus like a good little prince/princess queen and freddie incensed/this be the end to my mercurial creepyweird-sexysexist madness/shes a fucking mess!

28 Isomorphic Allotrope Disorder

A MiscommUniqué on Mental Health

Written 12/17/2018 & Recorded 05/15/19

African Ghost Kit 06/Club Dance Beat 199

Busta Rhymes "Woo Hah!! Got You All In Check"

the only language you speak is the one that slip thru yo fingers/to gauge the weak, guide da meek n pay da strangers/anxiety waiting to wreak each bounce-bobbing ur head thru da bangerz/how can miley be the one who eliminates they mangers?/

all these questions i be asking about who's the next leader/when all the babies do-for is leechers n seeders/downloadable depression, everyone needing they fill/fool is the man who still believes in escaping their pills n thrills/CHILL/

taboo baby wanna play wit da flabby jelly/smelly alley weighting outside your gerbil-wheel valley/topographic overlay, land-locked-LED displays/lights blaring noise at the sky, toppling they heavenly parlays/

agree to disagree as everything 'all good'/positive transitory absence, still ruled by the dude/let us bow n ski/winter extended into spring-seasonally/affective disorders from utter miscommUniqué/when did the language of revolution be taken over by they idiotic reframe?/

studs n nails starring chad n stacy in spa scenes/romantic isle getaways more da rage than lustful dire needs/to shift from observational overview to manobscured residue/your bodywaste shared with the few who cater to ur every whim n eat ur shit, ur perpetual mouthspews/

or poos, as excrement details the cement/walk in an american city n join da posed firmament/cold concrete forests, arboreal tenements/by 2070 we all be living in sky-stacked established punishments/

panopticon, wish i could reveal the sources of these materials/decepticons transfer they knowledge hyper-for-reals/but the movement of your souls, much less the mind of transfers/be torrenting that bitch for hundreds a thousands of hours/run your texts through an algorithm to decode they powers/learn the true meaning behind her hustle n flowers/

called her a peony/medicated her free from he/wasn't my win to take gods away from me x3

no other era has masculine been so repulsed/no other era has reaction Trumpet nature impulsed/the distance between the minute and hour usurped/more transient about touching, more stubborn about UR "NOPE"/isomorph allotrope/it ain't you who modulates ecological misanthropes/the biological medium be adversarially full of hope/but reverse the acknowledgment of conditional bads/alter ur language, stop making me sad/judgments so easily tossed from your place/all you asked fo's a lilbit of space/fuck your space, U leaving me to my ends/not da ones dat own ur bourgeoisie elitist trends/

pretend it don't exist, atheists cauz it so/getting lost in the moment, ignoring the TO and FRO/hurting the closest just to get your way/how easy the

historical dialect changed from thoughtful to just say/wanted to speak above n
love below all you all fakes/but it just too easy to alleviate the tension/
like a violent proclivity, combusted mass ascension/just hordes of indulgent,
accosted, privileged fruitcakes in detention/

sickest land in the world, so true/no twist of the terms to change world
view/madness implodes, the disease goes BOOM!/Janet's psychoanalyzed parallax
subsumed/how you all feel enlightened if yo brains be consumed?/lacking
awareness, be honest, y'all know we doomed/DOOMED

29 Wit U

Lifeline Aligned

Written 12/18/18 & Recorded 03/20/19

Trip Hop Dub Zone Beat/Club Dance Beat 128

Prince "When Doves Cry"/Daft Punk "Instant Crush"/All4One "I Swear"

I wake up not knowing which way to go/toward the valley of the shadow of death/or to the indoor-outdoor mall/in my slumber, throughout my dreams I fall/as hypnopompia sets in, I'm about the crawl/outta bed, but just barely/she lights up my screen, this morning rather fairly/take that energy out into the world/consider which path I'm willing to mold/start with a few words on a page, fingers be weary/I'm finally ready to all call it quits, ready to fold n be sold/let's get married?/I know it seems distant for you/to validate an ends, to let your heart be true/but finding one who boomerangs back into view/understanding your ups n downs as easily as I do/now you say it, too/I DO!/I know I know, feels a lil like a rush/it is a rush, a push, a seasonal exception without all the fuss/make the best holiday for your mama/'tis the season without trauma/or my drama/or the petty illuminance of waves so gamma/we at the same frequency, always have been, always will/in my love there's nothing more than peace you instill/this what the white doves fly for, nestled in two/not some spiritual transcendence, some religious POV/it's "I see you, I feel you, I need you"/I'm a fool!/just need to step back n prove I'm not cruel/this for real, I promise you/but no redundancy, no need for levels or proximal hues/the colors of the rainbow so bright and so due/US/it ain't a farce/some cheeky anti-american juxtaposed curse/but i love LV as much as you love the purse/you're always enough/always so tough/but we rough/we of the unstable few/but there's never enough/I'll repetitively call your bluff/and stay in love with my crush/wit U/so when we're marred by the lives we have to leave/please be toking the weed/chanting the mantra I need/I concede/tell me to chill/I'm chill/when I don't have to think about you freed/not hugging my body with love to the fill/goosebumps last night from the avatar on your instafeed/could feel the warmth from the sweater you wear/I swear/ain't no one gonna stand between my love n forever/don't matter if you lose me all day/don't matter if you play me n say you don't play/don't matter if they all get in the way/I'm staying by your side/elevating your pride/and letting you take me away/not often I compose some prose on the lighter sides of my throes/but today you ain't a rose/no prick of my finger, no blowing my nose/not a tear to smear across my cheeks or folds/my aged face looking fresh, my hopes all of yours/the blossom so big, so tight and confused/each petal deeper than the next/they all been abused/by the closeness, the bind, they gently entwined/i see alla her n alla her design/then see her more for her refined shine/i wanna say her pink is subtle n smoov/from a lighter shade of bright to the darkest of cues/follow her lead and forget all the greed/nothing matter more in this world than to nurture n feed/her goals be mine/her heart spans time/don't let them dig out seeds rooted deeper than crime/my peony, my lifeline, our hearts are aligned/I'm so in love wit U, I've made up my mind

30 A Toddler's Tale

Animated Terrorist Catastrophes

Written 12/18/18 & Recorded 03/10/19

Brazilian Berimbau 06/Remix Timpani FX

are you afraid of him?/hoodrat seraphim/auto-corrected elohim/goddesses who strut with 'em/don't have to genius/to rhyme with penis/or to be a bitch who seen dis/my dick pics floating allover binaryworld/fuck localized spatial after-swirls/after school specials unfurl/fuck your head in gold/cunt heartless n cold/fuck your teeth-encrusted brain, it swolled/i be gnawing on the tissue for epochs ol'/i be brighter than la raza's soul/but still be enlightening your genealogical holes/from dark n black to rich n stacked/back to the ghetto which we all attack/sub-found!/like a ticker racing along the ghettotrim of your crown/no jewels filling your pockets/just the screen lit, news late tada hot topic/that was so yesteryear/let's go play smear the queer/I'm here!/political LBGQ/guess who?/I'm not next motherfuckers, and you all soon to be through/this land of the sane be deeper than screwed/like bolted straight into the hydrocarbon core/liquid hot magma, Michael Myers, please no more!/begging, let the franchise decease/I order desist and cease/i resist another year of the remakes released/bewitched by the ghost in the machine/deus ex machina/electromagnetic ravines/be dusty dry as the exposed breast cut from the crane/sandhill shot down as I slip it clean/outta the skies!/delicious deep fried!/raid with four bars/this melodi-classic poison from afar/can you really live action Iago much less motherfukin' Jafar?/that nose, that chin, not even aladdin bin laden fit parodied description/carpe diem, win the way/today is the same as it was day befo' yesterday/thought that was tomorrow, it's so far from Fe/faith in case you all loose in Santa's gray/I have a motherfukin' headache/ouch ow aye aye/adios, I'm here to stay/continue this moment in a minute/minutiae/Che or Pinochet?/erratical nervous severe vertebrae/when you thrust that pelvis into pussysway/you become afraid of the lustful renegades/but he's just puppies, breaths away from suicidal tendency/piss on the carpet, rub your nose on the TV/they eyes be digging further into they skulls than blowed debris by Timothy McVeigh/now that's dead shit n motherfuckin' cold decay/but I'll provide your terrorist refrain/BOOM-BOMB-BASTIC replays/explode n collapse until they all conceived mistake/wish I'd never been born/take my scorn n reuse the recycled collapse to wage on higher stakes/fuck all U fakes/coasts be ready to swim after the shake n quakes/baked chickens running from eruptions to lakes/if we finish this load, just be another mistake/baby humanity SIDS/lay that bitch on they stomach/alone!/cuz even toddlers be coming to the wake

31 Trans, Cis, Mer, Fac

They of Winter Isomerization, or I'm So Dead

Written 12/21/18 & Recorded 07/13/19

Brazilian Berimbau 09/Analog Drum 79

it's one of those mornings again/the mania collapse through a hope so thin/
tried to stay in bed for awhile/but woke up with the tremors, that deceptive
smile/it ain't all they fault, culture moves them, one unified cult/it wasn't
so different when I was they age/but the pain, the everyday, intensified
carnage/i used to cope with the defiance, they embodied manifest/now it
creeps n lingers deep in my chest/the confluence of age, experience and
wanting to do the best/realized that I'm the worst, just bad, less than the
rest/takes an effort to join in the parade/marching in deception, waving to
they charade/I dreamt about ending this flawed escapade/but the question be,
mine or is it they?/can't see the path's transformation outside my own tread/
so this temple, this fleshsack, this body so dead/it needs to be removed, put
to the test, just like they said/but there's nothing else left in the
arbitrary metaphor/the games are so evident to they I adore/yet they greed,
the seeds have been planted in lore/believing the models they look to, want
to fuck n love, aspire for more/guzman dancing without moving his gut/d-rice
admiring the tricks never called sluts/t.scott fucking they butts/words on
top of stories on tops of clips, images for real/begging to capture n steal,
hoping to cop just one feel/experience what you haven't, after personal
happiness revealed/what if one distorts the other, and they just immerse and
congeal?/is the notion engrained deep into my soul/ahh, the one I offered to
lovers, not one that I stole/I can't pray or beg to have redemption, can't
mimic n be whole/the bandwagons, trains, automobiles n drones left a fuck a
long time ago/so I'm left with incorrigible desires n satisfied liars/
miscommunication required/when... we all and both trying to stay a lil
higher/my higher last all day, rest of them on fire/most of they spirals last
minutes, moments retired/the day I forgot time, and annihilated its
existence/that's when my brain produce its path of insistence/that I never
shut the fuck up or play sleight of hand/never take advantage of difference
at the cost of demand/understanding honesty a mantra beyond truth/for knowing
and doing must include feeling for muse/nine goddesses and seven sisters my
spoofs/my language a mix of hardcore living and sharing the proof/yet
humility be my burden, my sacrifice and noose/little girls be drawing death,
worshipping black and ignoring this recluse/a monk on his bed, never touching
the floor/his mind drained on blank space, easy ignore/no worshipping the
sun, no begging for fun/no demanding retribution for those on the run/dead is
where I'm headed, eliminated they threats, sanctified by cred, elucidating
the transposition of actualized events/19 years old and six feet under ever
since/I'm so dead/I can't leave my bed/I can't live on an earth rather than
in its encrusted n fluid head/I'm so dead...Isotoped x3

32 The Native Cunt

Triggers? Be Free Like Me

Written 12/22/18 & Recorded 06/07/19

Club Dance Beat 213/Haunting Octaves 01

attempting to transcend so deep I remain untouched/sounds not heard in epochs of ages, instants of crush/this imaginary moment I cling to with both my chambers/gallons of love pumped across all they numbers/there's a quiet calm when the imagined is your face/each place, each tear, each space, a somatic memory trace/it slays my body as much as the night ends, the base/the first, the First one was depressing/the second suicidal/this one is just for fun, a chase/a subtle mystery riddled/embrace/teasing friendly/texting generally/defer to jealousy/rejecting her necessities/misunderstanding our absolute calamities/but we all need daily lessons, power to stretch the I/one developing her own, I try not to rationalize/eliminating the soul from inside/mixing incomplete elements, irrationalizing to hide/I can't begin to do but accept her as my guide/never thought my limbo would have it this way/joining my spirit and her defiant beauty/i've never done it like a woman/i've never been able to compartmentalize acumen/not a word used readily/I look it up n resume to play/sharper than smoked dope hung from a rope/forgot the misdeed, still some hope/there's little to make of where I go/I let the fold pack the story untold/a girl that has traveled with me for deep/she will reap the efforts so blatant to her keep/little does she know the strength we seek/us not of the mild or weak/we drive thru the mundane, my secret to reveal true love over the highest of peaks/climbing the stream from belittled to to to to queen/the bond stronger, once we commit, it's for real, its for keeps/can't be broken no more/can't forgive her n let her get away just cuz she say/so/i'm done playing the tool, the fool, the belittled round spool/of "NO"/not the negative type/the one to speak the truth/NO hype/Yes is how she asks/forgetting my terror's unmasked/how can I even blame her for bein' loose?/when I'm such a jilted n evil excuse of abuse?/my guilt overrides what's written/accepting so blindly without faithfully giving in/the sentiment/short, all of it lost in struggle/I'm at the end of this effort/I finally understand her hustle/what she is, I love more than what's meant/she knows it too but maintains her cool front/she can't call it that, but it's what rhymes/losing my wit to justice n vague grimy crimes/why does she even keep in touch?/to do enough until we lock up 'em cuffs/can I believe she mine fisticuffs sans the muff?/or is the climb so steep, I say enough's ENOUGH/would I leave her for another/could she smother, replace my mother/a woman who can't cry because she needs my love of her?/I had to ask who is my vulnerable one/who is the one to whom I forever run/will it be me, rhetorically/the end of the primary stunt/that fucking native cunt/self-hatred settles/choosing the tempo meddles/no more flow, more like cautious trembles/chills curling down my spine/toxic knowledge justifying the line/cross it n there's stumbles to find/fraught with fault n emotions sublime/"but prepared we are", as yoda nerds up the frame/"little girls be influential, be much the same"/how could it ever be?/she be like me and her be the same as he?/love is they transfer, the place she can see/we teach each other to feel, rest come so easy/so chill/be free like me

33 Human Sacrifice

A Core Holiday

Written 12/26/2018 & Recorded 05/10/19

Club Dance Beat 052/Club Dance Beat 074

I try to hang on as long as I can/through the fam, the toils n their
celebrated plans/but the unions, the holdings of hands/I can't help but think
ends, of remains, sans/

she can't do what I need to live on/she can't afford my love, it's all gone/
so I'm dumb/n stubborn n confused as I carry on/I'm lost in the singular
shapes I let my heart rest upon/

soft n square n round to my bones/desperately clinging to da silent mode of
phones/over my ears, into my eyes, my fingers swype through they zones and
they lies!/of light n dark, goods n bads, and all the judgments lest to hone/
but I can't do it myself n I can't be left alone/yet begging to be left
alone, my bed is my throne/or so my story goes as I'm sober n misunderstoned/

wasn't lying when I said the pain is monic/relatives expressing similar
struggles so chronic/but happy love is what gets them through the slant/
sliding n falling n climbing I can't/

nah, I descend n sit in my death/to feel the struggles as they force every
breath/the quickest of fixes be to admire my strengths/to feel that I have
it, along with some faith/

but I won't upwards n assume he HOVAs above/I ain't letting faceless techno-
theology be more than enough/my mind has traversed well beyond last layer/the
thin veil never existed, it was neva even there/

so another day becomes another night becomes another revolution of spite/
except the foci has become me, a being untrite/one lacking might, confidence
n mutuality/no rights!/continuing to elucidate that I'm da human sacrifice/

taught to give, then give a lil more/what's left is nothing more than a space
to ignore/this tale only ends with what we all knows in store/a dramatic,
epic loss of what was never even adored/

me, that dirty lil word that phrase repetitively abhorred/how can it be my
death, while still being what I can't secure?/I will kill me, then kill me to
the core/talk about being fictioned into myth n lore/eventually all y'all'w'l
use me like a fucking whore!

34 **Sis Smirthed**

UnBeing Born Again

Written 12/29/18 & Recorded 06/01/19

Indian Dandiya Drum 03/TR-808 Classic Beat

awake again with just my self/on this orb of mental hell/not that it this
evil/but the people, the weevils/no huevos, all feeble/what excites penchant
for runaround?/what needy drives they dancing clowns?/beats to wobble bodies
unwound/what else do I need to be proving?/

negation as solitude of my mind/

knowing one's alone easy to find/sway n hold madness inside/wait til vacate,
release tensions all hide/all cope to suit they spirits/transcending
complexities make 'em throw fits/tantrums squabbles n punches don't quit/
fuckin' take a hit befo y'all be flinging yo shit/the better of me shuts my
mouth, TIGHT/eliminating their potential for faust, devil's night/demons
immersed in facades n FRIGHTS/hoping none attend to my delights/south for
winter, ain't deep enough down/what I eat this morning to make my tummy
FROWN?/crying n releasing, defecation be brown/out integumentary n through
the intestinal/infest-annals, animals be swelling/DUNgx3/lil dirt don't hurt
n snow be jelly/jealousy get the best of us/nitpick da fuck outta da little
runts/sometimes this so easy it's cheesy/collective unconscious light n
breezy/like EZ/hE/be the runt of the litter/no twitter, no feed, no stream/
just a legacy to supersede the greed/the chitter/chatter, no need to flatter/
whether a dog boy trans-critter or a legend don't matter/LOL/diseased through
they bladder/we all get faced with our demise/in spirit, no conflict, he will
arise/they all a piece of history/well before the naive believed in
kendrick's herstory/WRONG/brenda had one, others got theory/and SONGZ/but the
master be future, be basic, be strong/whatever we believed in prizes, awards
n ends/tomorrow demands but one simple command/ignore the complacency, the
antinomy, the denial of The Weaknd strands/LOL/no fools shall stand/sit the
fuck down n scramble the band/width so divided we fallin' inside it/
hypocrisizing its depth yet embodying its criSIS/a wicked space divides us/
encourages pandemic catastrophic neuro-ISIS/n confounding essential
annihilist-dialysis/of what humans believe is some magical spectral godly
sexuo-tryst/lost trust misjudged/as the fortitude of preparation just
crumbled cosmic love/strange attraction n lost actions/as the satanic mundane
reminds us we layers of decayed tractions/walking over you when I have to, I
sit n reflect the hardcore attitude/volitional guidance medium silence
stratified in full/YEAH/the feeling more essence than racist cultural views/a
bond covalently stronger than linked bones been found/LOL/the present, right
now, touch yourself, smell existence/surround/circadian cycles missing toxic
resistance/that whatever happened back then with they ol' folks insistence/
give a fuck now n know it, then channel it with persistence/for earth be
needing a whole lot of woke/LOL/but not a trend, not some spit, not bank n
cotton to stroke/actual awareness, hyperconsciousness be smirthed/look in my
eyes, no smite is birthed/but still I besmirched/LOL

35 **POOP.**

PrOtOsPacer Bursts

Written 12/30/18 & Recorded 03/22/19

Club Dance Beat 028/Brazilian Cuica 02

James Brown "The Boss"

gonna end with big ones/rectify the real sons/none of this temporal
juxtaposition/the transition appeals to all successions/being a leader of the
movement would be a concession/final recession cheaper than endless
possessions/scarier messages be exclaiming microaggressions/

complete with coordinates established from long ago/can't even call 'em more,
they archetypical/a happy face n smiles through grace/imaginary embraces
leaving sensory traces/deprivation the next person of fronterior spaces/

proxemics be the official label of studying souls/expressive movement easy to
vow, to have and to hold/sleek positions entangled n svelte/rhythms to elicit
fluids, causing your hearts to melt/when positioning for a girl of your
dreams/the others worrying about connecting, sowing the seams/tightly weaving
the sprouts in killer hemped weed/not the kine you smoke, but the one fulla
greed/just a seed/that's all you need/TREES/leaves bouncing rays off n into
the seas/global warming appease they aquatic screams/but will it all just
freeze?/

ice age of a magnitude six/learn to adapt to the skillset or find yourself
nixed/dummies retards n sociopaths collect they checks/I be the wordsmith
pulitzer needs in they lek/too many little pieces, elemental dialect/the
birds, the crow, the bald eagles rest/beyond whispers/vesper vapors desperate
for CRSPR protospacers/just deleted they ambient deceptive features/

deleted for the inane complexity/don't fall prey to leisurely susceptibility/
a lil balance of the pressure released from yo ass/check yo voice as it
chews, fight through the mass/felching mess, origins addressed/half the tale
sung and you still not undressed/u tell me what it take to reveal your
breasts/what seduction they be doing that doesn't start with caress/fucking
currency, at best!/bad bitches laid to rest/telenovela teresa homage
impressed/

faking they love to obtain couture/randy cauliflower ears ain't got nothing
on savage so pure/ooooh yeeaah!/snap into some slim trim/broccoli demure/
trees grow higher than the cure/establishing well-being n elevating manure/

pos is the appropriate moniker/no need to be a creepypasta digital stalker/
cuz james brown with a little jazz only make you a balker/whiner/assaulting a
story give sections80 a shiner/black-eyed bfore/got no right to accept the
dollar unless you proud of being that whore/that nigga, that whore, that man
who unafraid to decimate, destroy n annihilate you more/

than dramedy sold as the game playa implodeSs/native tooth whistling verbally
abusive stormSs/swept up into my cycloneSs/body ravaged thru vibrant toneSs/
mispronunciating your plays on loan/fusion words all spoof/diary of a brown
man all proof/aggrandizement n the forgotten truth/embellishment her smooth
move to attract the lesser of an underrated group/a crew so aloof that all I

can continue to relish in is the definition of poop/a palindromic sequence of cosmic fecal goop/

mosaic future/jiva sutures/atman just another god for those willing moochers/
impressions constructed without personal creatures/subjective historiographic
methods n street tours/rappers forgetting they teachers/mothering fuckers!
selfishly be cursed than worse/than babies who sit n sit n sit to rehearse/n
sit n sit n sit suckling wet nurse/n sit n sit n sit in the backseat of a
traveling hearse/n sit n sit n sit with thugs immersed/who sit n sit n sit
upon they verse/ever/poop for better or bursts

36 Shrug

Terminal Rejections, Autocidal Concessions

Written 12/31 & Recorded 07/03/19

Club Dance Beat 055/Dark and Heavy Riff 01

the question was, could I ever be a rapper?/I knew what to write down on paper/had the pain to share the reaper/but something about what was being expressed/so much deeper/it depressed/cuz other players seemed to lack they obsess/but they was older the we/a few climbed up through the wisdom tree/sunlight shining on moral themes/tiny rhymers climbing over old timers/mixing the beats/discovering social retreats/but they fire still stank/brand-naming indistant/even baby kendrick announcing he born of instinct/college in heat/a poet's respect for objective track sweat/who got more hustle around they neck/loose these words from circumspect/noosed without hanging/note the tasty ingenious indelible edible arrangement/how sweet in tangent!/delivery please/on repeat/ambient arrayed shit/some toy with they pussies/some compose on intellectual disabilities/further we go, deeper singularities/n in between the spectrum of what we have to say/intimate penalties/for irregularities/of personalities/as defined calamities/for adverse fatalities/traumatic actualities/echoing like visual facades of dimensional glo-work/mork more queer than dork/the framed quark visualized transcendent mistakes/darko wormholes un earthful soulquakes/contracting the dynamic shakes/check my resonance, adjust the delay/feedback in play/what a fucking bitch to sway!/convincing the devil that god went away/like a terrible joke about who she portray/please never commit to another hip whore-whoreaye/I promise you, mind, notanuterdopted stray/so this voice been around since maybe about 5/felt different than the rest/like I alone n contrived/of what, can't say, I'm still alive/but inching closer to death, suicide/the feeling visualized/autocide/can't decide/alone inside/too scarred to hide/just so tired n fried/give up and die/this is so fucking pathetic/erratic rhetoric/why even try?/whine n cry/she ain't got another breath for a dick w no spine/I will truly say goodbye/the dreams in line/as just another fucking lie//if you really NO, if you really really really want to know @ 19 I developed depression/several tbi's before then, worlds of oppression/i was bullied and forced into social situation/it included family and friends and strange engagements/@ 17 I met a girl and we fell in love/3 years later it ended/it triggered mental dangers/to my VOLATILE emotions from childhood/I could only surrender/I went numb/from 21-23 I was manic-depressive, with suicidal tendencies/23-28 went from dating to living with a partner, instant flashbacks of separation n bad endings/28-32 anxiety peaked through depression, OCD and obsessions/32-35 was grieving and PTSD/an epic LOSS...of possessions/with the last 4 years this grieving...this chaotic entombology led to autocidal concessions/and terminal rejections/for the true story is 'time is god'/I'm a fraud/and my heart only attracts densely strong broads/not the kine you sing your songs/not the type to give you hugs/not the precious and gorgeous babe who accepts your love/nah, it can only end with a shrug

37 N.VV.A (Non-Violent Visceral Aggressors)

The Silence of Sound: Satyagraha, Sangfroid & Wei Wu Wei

Written 1/2/19 & Recorded 07/04/19

Breaks Pushed Beat 5/Electro Structure Beat 03

only got a few more of these to go/so tired of this life, less is so much more/have to play relations with the non-communications/what's the point of this digital frontier but to create further n more spaces?/nothing in my soul to spread to the masses/same ol' problems reply in crisis/they all be faking or angry sexes/man, woman n child cursed selfish... hexes/voodoo techonomics/money earned n dishonest/woman slingshot a balance of inequitable phonics/yas, yupp, idks/maybe, bad bitching always all hoes/thoughts without logic, words more than toxic/how to make sense of irrational denials n self so caustic?/it don't matter the age, they personas so plastic/how many cards you got in that monogrammatic purse pocket?/call it a pouch, a shoulder bag, a rose gold locket/it ain't my picture in there, ain't your heart that cares/so rather than continuing to complain about the plane on which you remain/I plan to transcend again n ignore the... neurotypical insane/crazy people, got you too/people who have no sight or sensical view/people stubborn n forgetting they dues/being dumber than fuck n watching the news/from twitter or broadcast, your knowledge is used/against us to keep us lower than the few/feminists lost in they own titties n cooch/anarchists faded to cope with the truth/billionaires negligent of other than sued/all protecting they somata like it again be brand new/reduced/to... expressions on a page that be virtually-induced/filters n blockages linkages transduced/attention... attenuated to a barely-audible muse/creating a mundane story, filling vodka with juice/tequila consumed because it healthy abuse/I'm so fucking done with the lame n excused/see yourself for the smell of your shit n aromatic refuse/could be here, could be there, could be binary derrier/no reality to spare/fingernails n hair more special than air fare/actual human contact sparse n unfair/omitted because you was always just scared/playing my dread/waiting me dead/coulda just told me you hated my cred/cuz it ain't black, ain't whack ain't hypnotized by rolling threads/step back!/if you been fearful of me this whole time/then you been playing me for every last motherfuckin' dime/taking because I giving a sorry ass crime/like raping when the bitch be unconscious last time/no lie!/just a path traveled to demise/worse than this moment, I will not rise/my heart n mind ain't got no surprise/nothing more to offer, nothing more to buy/whatever you believed this was, just a fucking heist/of bills and love n care n vice/I be paying for secrets, hiding like mice/they all fucking lies/omissions of guilt/who the fuck you think you are, where the fuck was you built?/some white suburban hideaway?/your family confined to they stay?/distorted by the color of skin n the money we pay?/fuck you!/go your way!/incite another autocide n slay my own faith/you were the last straw to break the camel's sway/he done dancing but still spit in your face/digitally, but with hyper-pace/embedding a hole straight thru ur hypercraze...hypocri-craze/manifested dishonesty... no longer in place/you all that you say you not/a bitch baby with no play/satyagraha, sangfroid n wei wu wei/bet you gotta look it up rather than hear what I say

38 Ask Me Not

It Started with a Question

Written 12/4/2019 & Recorded 05/15/19

Brazilian Sun Sambuma 07/Garage Sharp Life Beat 02

day after day/dealing with play of what others gotta say/still ashamed n embarrassed enough to hideaway/rolled up in the world of cotton linens betrayed/using words carelessly just to cope with your own SHIT/throwing fits/asking one question be too many questions bereft/archaic self-centered another flip of the switch/a tiff/a rift/a gently noticeable shift cosmically miffed/again!/no pen/typed pain/characters attempting to transcend "mansplain"/cliched lexicon more deadly than insane/I have little to retain/ if having be the name of this game/I've been framed!/just living to sustain/ no more more more/nothing more to me than mean/so lame!/used to think my being was as the confused king/realized recommendations of history challenged they queens/they not prepared to take the reigns/too much hidden emotion on top of the logic on top of they strains/stressed by life's loving of death, it all remains the same/so change!/don't stand n be not amazed/for whatever you think you feel, I'm tenfold as crazed/a bullet through my skull the simple release/suicide n telos a final peace/manifold implosion, spacetime creased/I've fallen into the chasm, thru the cracks/my breathing has ceased/ teratogenic vapors inhaled with ease/they taint every thought, every feel, even my trees/when I can't be smoking to alleviate eccentricities/express the word, build your wall, grieve thru lit n faded festivities/ha, pretend I never even be/I just one a da emasculated endstories/jampack-packed tightly into the trunk/hardcore attitude fuck traptrunk/it's punk!/diy from birth to night/slit your throat, what a fantastically clean sight!/DIE/wanna know what it's like?/raped, bullied, assaulted, attacked in body n psych/pretending who I am got nothing on your acute strife/please bitches, earn your life/before you accentuate this quality of hype/labeling how we are to quell your stall/I get bored thinking of novel terms for you all/time described over n over, so I'll continue to crawl/floating aboveground in some sadhu-monkish undercover hover/don't frown ALL/jester or clown?/bummed or renowned?/poor or richer than the man who corpo's a town?/anarchic rainforest extinguished by clouds/ from the minds of the downed/sown, green to brown/as an aeronautical astronomical path to they celestial surround/compromise as long as you have to/excuse your self or drown in yo own shit, too/in the dense thickness of communication so thin/that semiotic presence be as flimsy as tin/diamondz a rock, metals forgot/gold n silver as cheap as rave-banging thots/once again, twats/can't let it go away just cuz u say/SO/many females engendered to WO/a twat is a twat is a slit-cunt-gash-vulva-pussy ask-me-not/BEHOLD/a transitional soul
ECS-BLOW-SHUN!

gooey gooey thick n chewy/some of they is harder than hard/thicker than thick/denser than you/fuck mamma mia, meryl, cher got it too/streptococcus/ pneumonia/the flu/not a perfume/aunt petunia blues, da woman assumed/minor muggle struggles consumed/this about to black magic/about to be exhumed/ treatise concerning human value/moral vowels ripe with residue/icky sticky cringy dew/from flowers so tender so vile/abuse/sieve through the ashes, burned bodies n poop/re-fine-ur-tune your patience, parsimonious truth/ discover the sleuth/you attached to the spoof/an elaborate move/by yours truly, smooth doom

39 Smoovdom

Duh Kingdumb of RIPLEris

Written 1/05/2019 & Recorded 03/09/19

Trip Hop Airhead Beat/Goa Nepal Beat 01

P.O.S "Terrorish"

song dumb/n seldom/hiphop da remedy of the foregone/moving as one/rhythms da plenty/entity similarity/what a pity!/hues orgone/automaton/reflection/fuming agents of human/imitable popular delusions/referenced contusions/HENCE/my brain beaten by they gutless intrusions/cardiovascular illusions/this book an epic poem, a broken heart/spurned n burned from the very start/collided with a breakup some quarter four score/the trauma sufficient to infect the sores/attracting me towards its pussy middle/belittled/singular remorse/loving just another not even a choice/volitional volvere/redundare mon frère/this french lesson over, monsieur/skylit fire fills the air/little dreams inside a ya for no one to care/turnout/burnout/they leer n they stare/just to eliminate a fear/the fear of never getting there/the feels work together, just kinda smeared/avant-garde palette in pantone clear/the defiance most unnatural never near/antiquities west of natufian beer/but gruel n tears/pyramids drunken-built to enslaved cheers/cannabis a salvage for shamanistic entheo-peers/ain't nothing viscous enough to light my ears/

viscous with a quickness/timed delight, no fright/just fight!/as the urgent motion fatigued brings its end tonight/this end, the solace/FIERCE FRESH FLESH/hatred the gift to guide the terrorish/thought-fired spirit bombs an ode to P O S/we all a fuckin' mishmashmesh/of incest/no need to address n waste a record on the rest/anabolic catalysis/fight fuck then digest/axioms resist!/jealousy impressed/she done administering the purulent test/I'm nothing but one extremely dramatic excuse for a beast-best/friends til the end/so fucking depressed/this last one about death/like the several ones before triggering THE suggest/

tomorrow is another to ruminate on maggots/how deep til they vibrate songs devouring tongued buried faggots?/homophobic stances be foreign to this practice/as they dicks be wet from intersexin' with they asses/not called phallic from distasteful distractions/I'm a fucking person, you spastic!/my heart is smooov elastic/your heart be recycled plastic/microbes lacing the circulatory tactics/preventing your words from treating me fantastic/replaced by self-proclaimed bitchism/obdurate n drastic/her actin'/myosin fulcrum/spindles to cum/spinster at your age, boy are you dumb/dumber be me/i can't see/her free/her pee/her pussy/not my honey/

BOY/give me money/BOY/i'm about to change perspectives n fuck me a toy/some filthy ass cunt, not my pride n coy/OOOOH GIRL!/fuck her in da butt/throat her til puke cum deep from her gut/open her speculum n fuck dat ass G.O.A.T. SLUT/one last greatest of all-time/sublime/crime heinous coke line/sexy satanist/we vote rapists/n pedophile ageists/pan luciferi n devilish agents/they know the secrets our scrota embraces/loads of flagella swell tsunami races/abstract boat waves ride hokusai's traces/fluid collapsal squirted onto they faces/how funny to juxtapose imaginary spaces/groundwork laid for smooovdom bases/philosophical acts manifest immortal stasis/sto-anarchic lackeys n chaotic crazes/I beg you, it's over, sans embraces/hateful-vengeful-wrathful RIP Eris/fucking die!/decimate-decay then erase us/40 years 10 waves n 4 lengthphases/mestizo's moch ends @ 10 paces

dedicated to kgm-t



40.10 LengthPhases
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